~ Willis White & Coleman

A. R. Mitchell

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES D. ARMSTRONG, 35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 49. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1832.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Once more it has been a luxury to run over the papers we daily receive in exchange for our modest hebdomadel. The Election is past and gone, and the conductors of the Press have resumed the cheerful tenor of their way, and are fast making friends with each other, after calling hard names and giving some hard raps by way of remembrancers. This is as it should be; and like true knights after a "passage of arms," they should resume that courtesy of bearing which sheds such a benign influence on the contentions of party, and on the anxieties and cares of an Editor's career.

We have noticed with the greatest good nature imaginable, that a part of the head of our paper has been assumed by some three or four others as a becoming name whereby to win the favour of every breeze of patronage. Heaven grant them success!—and may "*The Spirit of the Times*" give currency to their sheets and lend a charm to their columns! May the name be indicative of all that renders a paper valuable, and give to those that bear it the spirit of patriotism, the graces of humour, and the soul of wit.

Again the amusements of our city are enticing back from the turmoils of politics the gay votaries of frolic and pleasure: again our theatres are filling with the lovers of the drama; and the opera is nightly adding to its train of delighted followers. The city is gay with fashion and crowded with strangers. The weather is cool, pleasant, and exhilirating. Broadway is glittering with beauty and magnificent equipages. The "whips" are "putting the flax" to their goers, and the sportsmen are elate with success. In a word, the golden times of harmony, wealth, and pleasure have returned to us; and blessed are they who have the disposition and the power to improve them.

Extracts from English papers.

By the last jail returns, it appears that the prison of Newgate is capable of containing only 19 prisoners in separate cells, and 400 when more than one prisoner sleeps in one cell. But it appears that there are in Newgate 672 prisoners—consequently 172 more than it is considered capable of containing, even under that bad arrangement. Of these there are 56 who have been tried, including three adjudged lunatics. In the last year as many as 640 prisoners were in confinement at one time. This is the principal prison of the first city in the world!

It is well known that at the time the French throne devolved upon its present possessor, there were those, and not a few, who would have placed the crown upon the head of the veteran La Fayette. "If we are to have a king," said they, "let it be you." "I will say to you, on this point," replied La Fayette, "in the words of Marshal Saxe, that a crown would set upon me as a gold ring upon a cat."

GIBBON.—It is said of this celebrated man that when he made love to Mademoiselle Cruchod, and went down on his knees, she was obliged to ring the bell for the footman to help him up again. It was certainly a chivalrous step for him to take, more particularly as he was remarkably fat. He could not well do more for her, or get into a worse scrape. It was the "*Ince* plus ultra"—his "decline and fall."

Many people complain that the press sometimes does a great deal of mischief. This may be very true, for every printer has his *devil*; and it is admitted by every Christian that the devil is the *type of mischief*.

Almost all those who write well, write rapidly. Johnson did so; so did Byron; so does, *or did* (alas!) Sir Walter Scott.

A youth requested the notorious robber Cartouche to engage him in his band. "Where hast thou served?" asked he. "Two years with an attorney and six months with an inspector of the police." "Well," said Cartouche, "that whole time shall be reckoned as if thou hadst served in my troop."

Crockford is said to have borne his recent loss of 40*l* by having his pocket picked, with great sangfroid. On making the discovery, he is stated to have said, "Well, live and let live! is my motto."

Anybody that has a shady shrubbery may have an ice-house, without expense, by heaping a large cone of well-pounded ice, or snow, in the winter, and causing it to be thatched with barley straw, about twice the thickness, laid upon a stack of oats. In this manner ice may be preserved for three years.

A coach proprietor, with the infelicitous name of *On-slow*, has been advertising "expeditious" travelling on the northern road.

Thomas *Make-peace* was last week fined 100*l* for a breach of the *peace* at Southampton.

The Cholera Morbus is cured by carrying the sick on boards of health, which we suppose are of the *lignum vitæ*.

The number of miles run by stage coaches in England is annually about 40,630,000. The expense of drawing coaches by horses, is about two shillings a mile; so that the annual expenditure for horse-keep is about *four millions*.

"I perceive, Rose," said Wakefield the other day, "that the two fellows who killed Wilkinson were not hung on Wednesday. "Very true," replied Rose, "but they were in a *state of suspense* for some days."

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to *file* your *bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

The eastern horse-jockies drug an unruly animal with opium, which has the effect of subduing the animal's vice till the bargain has been completed, and the seller out of reach.

An Obedient Husband.—When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, which he did by writing as follows:—

"I am directed to inform the Court of Aldermen that Mr Gill died last night by order of Mrs Gill."

A gentleman who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said, one day, after drinking pretty freely, "The wine is very thick." "No, no," said his friend, "it is *you* are too thick with the wine."

In London there is a building called the *Fleet* prison, which the secretary to his Excellency the Ambassador explains is so named because it contains many persons whose money *has gone fast*.

Matrimony.—A young lady of 22, was lately throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony; when a grave friend in company observed that marriages were made in heaven. "Can you tell me, sir," replied the nymph, "why they are so *slow* in coming down?"

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE MERMAID.

AN EASTERN TALE.

"Did I ever tell you of my adventure with a mermaid?"

"A mermaid! No never; I should like mightily to hear it, Captain Quizzle."

"It is the most remarkable of all my adventures, I wonder I have not told you it."

"You have so many strange stories: your life must have been an eventful one. Pray let us have it, Captain."

"Well—I traded for several years in the Eastern Archipelago. The swarms of clusters of islands therein abouts are amazing; not a tenth part of them are ever visited by human beings, and consequently all the strange things in the animal and even the vegetable creation are to be found there; monsters, as we call them, seem to congregate amidst those delicious spots, because they are out of the reach of man's destructive power. You have heard of the Bobbing butterflower, discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles in an Island of the Archipelago, at the mere sight of which, one of his Hindu servants died of fright; calyx, like the dome of St. Pauls; pistils, like good sized fir trees; pollen, in such a prodigious quantity, that wild beasts are often smothered in it. Sir Stamford likewise met with the Dugong, or merman. He could only get a dead specimen; I have often seen the animal alive; I have shaken hands with one, for they are exceedingly gentle creatures. All these things are now pretty notorious.—But besides these, unicorns are so plentiful (though they can never be taken alive, as you all know) that their horns are used as walking sticks by the respectable Malays, and canes by the school-masters. The Malay boys require a vast deal of banging to get their alphabet properly, the letters are so difficult to sound (their mouths often grow awry in the attempt) and the unicorn's horn saves trouble, one stroke of it raising twenty large blisters. Then they have toothpicks made of griffin's claws—but to the mermaid.

"I had often heard of mermaids in different parts of the Archipelago, but I did not credit the stories told me by the native rascals, who are desperate liars. A grey headed old man, however, one day, upon my taxing him with deceit upon this point, assured me he had seen one; and further told me that if I was desirous of occular proof, he could direct me to the spot where I should be pretty sure to meet with one of these water nymphs.

"I gladly accepted the offer, and he directed me to go alone to one of the little islets on the Eastern side of the isle of Billiton (I was then on the island of Banca,) where he said these ladies often disported themselves of an evening. He cautioned me to be on my guard, for they were apt to take liberties with gentlemen—that is, to scratch out their eyes, slice them in half with a sudden twitch of the tail, &c.

"Accordingly the very next day I procured a native boat, which could be paddled by one person, armed myself with sword and pistols, and boldly but privily launched my frail bark into the blue deep, to cross the strait of Gaspar.

"When I was equipped, I could not help laughing at the expedition I was setting out upon. However, I could but do as many have done, whom curiosity has prompted to be spectators of the washing of the lions at the Tower, on the first of April—that is, keep my folly to myself.

"I reached the island indicated by my grey beard Mentor—it was a sort of quinquangular rock, with a coat of the richest mould, absolutely swarmed with birds, glittering with flowers and shrubs of variegated tints, and a magazine of odours. Had it been of a circular form, its circumference might have been about a mile and a half, or two miles. It was evident that human steps were rarely imprinted upon its luxuriant turf.

"Drawing up my light bark on a slope of the isle, I sat it on end, and propped it with a paddle, to serve me as a temporary hut, for I was determined to wait some time the issue of the adventure, before I returned and gave the old Malay a horsewhipping, which I was resolved to do, if it appeared that he had fooled me. I remained here two or three days, till I began to be devoured by ennui at this Robinson Crusoe-like life. I was almost continually walking along the margin of the sea, picking up shells, pebbles, weeds, and other things of the kind, but saw nothing of the maids of the deep.

"One evening, however, just at that glorious period of it, when, especially in Eastern climates, a kind of preter-natural and enchanted silence reigns around, and when every object appears to emit as it were, a golden lustre as if restoring some of the light it had absorbed in the day from the departed luminary—on turning a sharp curve of the islet, I was startled by a shriek and perceived rather indistinctly, two hands raised above the surface of the water, at a short distance from the shore, and momentarily a woman's head popped up and down, as if the individual was drowning. In the suddenness of astonishment, I forgot that I was on an uninhabited spot, and, at the moment felt an almost irresistible impulse to rush into the smooth water and rescue the sinking victim, thinking it a woman. Fortunately I recovered my recollection in time, and stood still to await the result. The hands gradually sunk to sublimity beneath the surface; the circles disappeared, and all was again still.

"While I stood musing, my eyes riveted to the spot where I had beheld what I now believe might be a phantom of fancy, a loud, wild, but musical and merry burst of laughter drew my attention to another side, where I saw as if wading in the shallow water, a tall, slender, but beautifully proportioned female of an olive complexion, and with exceedingly long dark hair, which she was gracefully employed in winding about her head and temples. I walked to the edge of the beach opposite to her, and taking my stand, in order to observe her more narrowly, I was again saluted by a laugh, which, though somewhat louder than we are accustomed to hear from young ladies in drawing rooms, was quite feminine in its tone, and unaccountably bewitching in its general character: it was neither a titter nor a horse laugh, but equidistant from both, the voice reminding me of the liquid notes of musical glasses.—Never before did I behold more lovely features than I now gazed on with intense and growing interest. The eyes were unusually large, dark, and penetrating; but the aspect of the face altogether was soft and gentle. It was, indeed, a face which, if nature made, the die had been destroyed.

"I held out my hands; she laughed again and held out hers. This was a trying situation, and I felt such a desire to draw nearer and converse (if I could) with my fair incognita—whose unwillingness, on her part, to approach evidently seemed to be the result of

Innocence and virgin modesty,
That would be wooed and not unsought be won

that I several times was near wetting my feet. But in one of the lady's quick motions, unfortunately—fortunately for me—there appeared, a short distance in her rear, the sharp edge of a fish's tail, shaped like that of a huge salmon's. This discovery instantly had a wonderful sedative effect upon me. I dare say the lady-fish saw in my countenance the consequence which her train entailed upon me, and perhaps attributed it to its true cause: for, with an appearance of arch bashfulness she turned about, and casting a leering look at me, soused into the water, and was gone in a twinkling."

"Astonishing! But now really, Capt. Quizzle, is this true?"

"True! so help——"

"Well, well; don't swear, don't swear, pray go on."

"Well, thought I, my doubts are now at an end. Here I am, not asleep, nor out of my senses; and if I have not seen a mermaid, why then——"

"But did she come again?"

"You shall hear. It was singular enough, that I dreamed I should see a mermaid the night before, and that made me, at first, suspect that I was really asleep when she really appeared, for I remember a curious occurrence of a person's dreaming he was awake, when he was all the while asleep; and as the story is not long, and as I may not have forgotten it, I will tell——"

"Never mind that; another time will do for that—I want to hear the end of this extraordinary adventure."

"You shall hear it. I saw no more of the water-nymph that night, but I was punctual in my attendance the next evening at the same place. I did not wait long before I heard, from the other side of a projecting angle of the rocky islet, an air warbled in such an enchanting strain, that I dared not move from the spot on which I stood, to ascertain whence it came, lest I should lose a note of it. Its effect upon my whole system, I can only describe by supposing that some subtle stimulating fluid passed through every nerve from my brain to my toe. You have remarked the restlessness of a cat when a violin is bowed so as to prolong its sweet tones: this will give you some idea of my suffering, for such it was."

"Astonishing! This account conforms exactly with the old notions of the mermaid, who was reported to sing like a Siren."

"Exactly. She appeared to me just as the mermaid is represented in old pictures, except that I saw no comb or looking glass. But to proceed."

"When the air ceased, I hastened to the quarter whence it proceeded, and there recognized the same charming face and form, and was, moreover, saluted with the same laugh. I resolved to address the sea lady. I knew the Malay language well, and had a smattering of most of the dialects of the Archipelago; and I thought, if she did speak at all, she was more likely to know some of these than any other human tongue. To my delight as well as surprize, I found she understood and could talk Malay, but she articulated in a very peculiar manner, somewhat like the mode in which persons born deaf and dumb enunciate what they are laboriously taught to utter.

"And now comes the most extraordinary part of my story.

"She gave me an account of the subaqueous regions, which excited my astonishment, whether true or false will never be determined, for no human visitant could get back again to tell us. She gave me to understand that, at a vast depth in the ocean, there was another atmosphere, on which the water rested like our atmosphere, upon the sea. I imagine this must be the interior world, of which various phenomena on the surface of the earth afford manifest indications. Her description of this interior world was perfectly fascinating, it must be a real paradise.—Owing to the density of the atmospheric medium and the absence of the principle of terrestrial attraction, men, and even houses and castles, could float in the air, without being liable to any injury by dashing against one another, or what we call falling down. The temperature of the air, she informed me, was invariably the same; perpetual spring, or rather summer, prevailed every where; and in short, all was pure enjoyment. What surprized me more than any thing else, was, that she said there were inhabitants of this upper world there, and amongst the rest an Englishman—Orang Inggris, as she expressed it."

"How did they get there?"

"Aye, how did they get there? precisely the question I asked her. She replied it was doubtless a matter of difficulty, for the descent was a long one, and a living body must sink very rapidly to avoid suffocation before it reached the nether air, but when there, she said, the lungs soon became habituated to breathe it. She instanced herself who could breathe both atmospheres, which was not possible, if the lower one received a peculiar set of organs to inhale it. All that was necessary, she said, was to exclude the air as much as possible from the lungs, hold the breath, and if a person was carried down with velocity, there was no danger; and she offered, if I chose to risk the experiment, to be my guide and propeller. And then she renewed her enchanting description of central paradise, where nothing dies, where pleasure never tires, and novelty is ever new;

Where love is liberty, and nature law

She even expatiated on the delights of the journey itself, the luxurious delirium of the rapid whirl, the sights beheld in the passage, the glittering treasures of the deep, the vegetable wonders of the marine world, and the tribes of curious and harmless beings that sport upon the confines of the two regions. I have often thought of this conversation when your daughter, Miss Greenfinch has been playing and singing that pretty air—

"Follow me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow, &c."

"The Mermaid's song?"

"The same. I had no great stomach to make the trial, however, having a good many unsettled accounts, I did not like to be the means of ruining some honest fellows, who were my creditors; and besides, I did not relish the idea of being reported FELO DE SE; so I civilly declined the journey."

"Pray go on; what was the result of the adventure? I am in a fever to hear."

"We grew very friends. The sea-lady sung me several most captivating songs; one in particular, was so exquisite, that I thought I should never forget either words or music; but I remember neither. We moved along quite round the island, I walking on the margin of the sea-shore, she gracefully gliding through the liquid mass as if by a mere act of volition, for she seemed to make no exertion, and her tail—I thought studiously was kept out of view, you cannot imagine a more picturesque and beautiful object than she appeared. Where the water was deeper near shore, she sometimes approached closer to me, but apparently, always recollected herself suddenly and turned away again, a semblance of bashfulness and maiden timidity, which gradually divested me of all fear.

"Whilst we thus communed together, my faculties almost entranced with the romantic novelty of the adventure, the charming eyes and features continually beaming upon me, the ravishing pictures the fair apparition drew of her abode and of the heavenly beings by which it was inhabited, the magic of the solitude and silence which reigned around us, upon which her mellow voice broke, as it were, into a thousand beautiful echoes, the nymph suddenly exclaimed, 'hark!'

"I heard nothing.

"'I must be gone,' she said.

"Almost involuntarily, I stretched forth my hand. She glided towards me, cautiously and timidly, and extended hers. Our hands joined.

"Instantly, I felt myself held by a giant's gripe, and dragged forward; the resistance I could offer, though I was a match for most men, was like the efforts of a child. Meantime the dazzling features I had gazed upon with ecstacy, darkened into the malignant aspect of a demon. I was on the verge of destruction—when, unexpectedly, one of my pistols went off in the struggle; upon which she let me go, and bounced under water, leaving me in a cold sweat, all of a tremor and my shoulder almost dislocated."

"You may be sure I did not stay much longer on this infernal island. I soon reconverted my but to its proper purpose, and paddled away with as much vigor as my wounded arm would allow, fancying that I saw a large salmon-tail in every curl of the wave. My old friend soon perceived in my face, on my return, that I no longer distrusted the fidelity of his statement."

"What a very extraordinary adventure, Capt. Quizzle! And this is really a fact?"

"A fact? No."

"No? What, is it fiction you have been telling us all this while?"

"Every word of it."

"Pshaw."

Let us have the Best.—An eastern farmer went to a clergyman, and inquired of him "why he did not preach as much Latin and Greek as the minister who preached to them previous to him?"—"Why," said he, "I thought I would make use of such language as I presumed you could understand, and did not suppose that the farmers generally understood Latin and Greek." "Oh," said the farmer, "I pay for the best, and let us have it; give us as much Latin and Greek as you can spare."

FRENCH & ENGLISH WOMEN.

From a critical notice of "Mirabeau's Letters from England," we extract the following account of the French women by that justly celebrated character:—

The French Women.—"When a French lady comes into a room the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, has her head and feet better dressed, her clothes better fancied and better put on, than any woman you have ever seen.

"When she talks, she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness—her accents are the accents of grace—she embellishes a trifle—interests upon nothing—she softens a contradiction—she takes off the insipidness of a compliment by turning it elegantly—and, when she has a mind, she sharpens and polishes the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world.

"Her eyes sparkle with spirit—the most delightful sallies dart from her fancy—in telling a story she is inimitable—the motions of her body and the accents of her tongue are equally genteel and easy—an enviable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good humored and cheerful—and the only objects of her life are to please and be pleased.

"Her vivacity may sometimes approach to folly—but perhaps it is not in her moments of folly that she is least interesting and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French—the French are superior to them in many other. Here I shall only say, there is a particular idea in which no woman in the world can compare with a French woman—it is in the power of intellectual irritation. She strikes with such address the chords of self love, that she gives unexpected vigour and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non electrice.

English Women.—"I have mentioned here the women of England; and I have done wrong. I did not intend it when I began the letter. They came into my mind as the only women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. I shall not presume to determine whether, in the important article of beauty, form and color are to be preferred to expression and grace; or whether grace and expression are to be considered preferable to complexion and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of France is to be thought superior to the *touchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a volume. I shall give a trait:—If a goddess could be supposed to be formed, compounded of Juno and Minerva, that goddess would be the emblem of the women of this country [England]. Venus as she is, with all her amiableness and imperfections, may stand justly enough, for an emblem of French women. I have decided the question without intending it, for I have given the perfections to the *Women of England*.

"One point I had forgotten, and it is a material one:—

"It is not to be disputed on; for what I am going to write is the opinion and sentiment of the universe,—the English women are the best wives under heaven, and shame be on the men who make them bad husbands."

From the New England Magazine.

BOSTON NOTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO DOCTOR SPURZHEIM.

Great man of skulls! I must let loose
My pen against you—more's the pity;
For surely you have played the deuce
Among the noddles of the city.
I won't malignantly assail
Your fame, and say you mean to joke us:
But, faith, I can't make head or tail
Of all this mystic hocus pocus.

The brains of our wisecare cits,
Thy learned lore so strangely leavens,
Good luck thy wisdom and their wits
Le all in sympathy and at ease—
Here's one all zealous to maintain
There's wisdom true thy wondrous art in;
Another cries, with cool disdain,
"'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin."

There's Billy Broadhead, harmless youth,
Who ne'er touched wo'se rot, or ever sinned,
Has taken up the notion, and declares
That he's a long-posterior-ed creature,
In doleful dumps his mother quakes,
For now, beyond a harmless mockery,
He tries his hand at work, and makes
Macadam of the good old cockney.

And pleading Tim, so dull and fat,
To whom the Devil never granted favor
To work his way through sharp and flat,
Or tell a crotchet from a quaver,—
Is thrown into harmonious freak,
And now, in symphony diurnal,
He makes his crazy fiddle squeak,
And roars a jargon most infernal.

Hen-hearted Bob, whose rising wrath
So small a danger smooths and evens,
That should a tiger cross his path,
He'd run away from Major Stevens,—
Has made a most surprising jump,
Doffed in a trice the calf's-skin rôle, and
Cries out, "I'm brave—behold the lump!
'Tis just the shape of Noddle's Island."

There's Mopus will the world astound:
Though deep in silent dulness sunk, he
Has felt upon his head, and found
That he's more than ass a monkey.
One chapter of thy doctrine sage
His addle pate has popped so pat in,
The fool has taken to the stage,
And learned a part to tear a cat in.

Here's Joe the truckman, too, it seems,
The rhyming lump you've found to skew him,
He's got him footsore, forty reams,
And set about a pandemonium.
Dick Dusty with dism swept the streets,
But since thy lectures light have met his
Wise ears, he tries mechanic feats,
And tinkers mouse-traps and dumb bottles.

Indeed—can one believe his eyes?—
'Tis e'en among politicians: some skulls
Do indeed themselves prodigious wise,
Albeit most portentous numskulls.
Mein Herr, what has your reverence done?
A stone's-lawn must be padlocked, or
He'd laugh to see the learned sun
Caused by a grave High German doctor. S.

THRILLING SKETCH.

"A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was let in the surroundery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me.

"All my rancor vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities,—whom I had even loved,—whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man, to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me, I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—pale—paralyzed—the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes alone alive.

"The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air, when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprung at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for an instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared upon his hind feet, and with knashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword had swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sunk. The savage yelled, and pouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and the conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrunk from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

"What happened for some moments after I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming side with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffling the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

"The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifices of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

"I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name; called on her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

"She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned—she waived her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"'I am come to die,' she uttered in a lofty tone. 'This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,' and she kissed the ashy lips before her, 'yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned your quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she, in a tone of wild power; 'he was betrayed, and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared ——!'

"I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me, I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him; I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

"An exulting shout arose. I saw him rear as it struck, gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

"With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The fall of the lion had broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena."

From the Scotsman.

DEPARTURE of the FRENCH FAMILY.

Yesterday morning Charles X., the Duke of Angoulême, and the Duke of Bordeaux, took leave of Holyrood. In the course of the morning a deputation of inhabitants, among whom was the Lord Provost, presented the ex-King with an address, who was deeply affected on receiving it. A great many ladies and gentleman also paid their respects to his Majesty and the young Duke, who has been a great favorite in Edinburgh. By eight, the piazza of the palace was crowded with persons anxious to get a last look of the illustrious strangers, and before nine, the space in front of the palace was nearly filled with spectators; and a number of open carriages were also present. White gloves, white ribbons, and white favors of various kinds, were worn by a large proportion of the people assembled, and when the Royal Exiles came out they were greeted with loud cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

Charles X., who was looking well, bowed to and shook hands with almost every one he passed in his way to the carriage, and after he was seated he also waved his hand from the carriage window several times, in token of farewell.

His Majesty having on Monday forenoon written to Mr. Gregg, lessee of the chain pier, and Mr. Fitzstrathern, law genealogist, signifying his intention of privately embarking at the chain pier, on board the United Kingdom steam packet, for Hamburg, these gentlemen, with other respectable individuals in the neighborhood, made every preparation for the reception of his Majesty when the shortness of the time would permit. With a view to prevent all unnecessary parade and interruption, only a few circulars announcing his Majesty's intentions were issued to the gentlemen of the neighborhood. The news, however, spread, and at an early hour the various well-mettled roads leading to Trinity, were seen crowded with passengers of the most respectable description, all hurrying to the spot of attraction, some in carriages, others on horseback, but the greatest number were pedestrians, walking at a rapid rate. The multitude increased every moment, and soon amounted to some thousands.

At nine, an imposing spectacle presented itself—the fine steamboat, tastefully decorated, at a short distance, and splendid banners and flags on shore. What delighted us most was, to see personages of opposite sentiments in politics, in these keen canvassing moments laying aside all political animosity, and vieing with each other in showing every mark of respect to Charles X. and his family, the lineal descendants of King James VI. of England and Scotland, and of course the legitimate cousin of our beloved King William IV. At length a signal was given that his Majesty was coming. The cavalcade drew close up to the chain pier, and his Majesty, the Duke d'Angouleme, the Prince de Bordeaux, and the other personages alighted amidst the hearty cheers of all present. The King and his Royal relatives looked extremely well, and seemed much pleased with the attention paid them. The King cordially shook hands with many, and it was amusing to see the eagerness of some to obtain this favor. Had he had as many hands as King Solomon had wives, they all would have been put in active requisition at this moment. The King and his suite descended the steps, covered with a white cloth, and embarked on board the Dart steamboat. Guns were fired when the Dart left the chain pier, and again when the Royal party reached the United Kingdom in Leith Roads. One of the Mess Williamsons, of Lixmouth, presented the King with a handsome white silk favor, and his Majesty, with that peculiar grace and gallantry for which the French Court has always been remarkable, immediately kissed the offering—made a profound bow—unbuttoned his surtout, and placed this mark of distinction on his left breast. Not a single accident occurred, though there were no less than 1,500 persons on the pier. A number of carriages and well-dressed persons, from Edinburgh and elsewhere, arrived at the pier too late, and seemed quite disappointed at not being in time. One lady, who by some means or other was left behind, in order to get pushed through the crowd, deposited a valuable ring with the toll keeper, as a pledge thet she belonged to the French Party. Baron Bourlet De St. Aubin, a great favorite with King Charles X. and the Scotch, was very active at the embarkation.

THE COACH-OFFICE BOOK-KEEPER.—He, waybill in hand, and with his fancy muslin cravat confined by a mock topaz broach, enacts the superior genius—the guardian angel of seats and squabbles: the coach, the coach horses, and the very coachman, who, on the road, will be absolute as ten autocrats, cannot stir till he has given the word. The passengers, who, when landed at their journey's end, may be all and sundry "people of consequence," are, whilst he holds the way bill under his thumb, at his command; that pretty young lady *must* have the box, containing the identical ball-dress in which she is to captivate a cornet of dragoons, slung under the coach—and *if* the cord should break! At his frown, that choleric old gentleman, with a gouty toe, *must* suffer the fat woman beside him, with her poke bonnet, and her peppermint drops—it rests with him, now all are ready to start, whether the passenger in the distance who approaches in the character of "panting time," or rather past time, shall win or lose his place; he, for the occasion, is omnipotent, and consequently not very civil, but he is calm, and therefore has an aspect of dignity. What to him are the hopes, aims, and feelings of the multitudinous inhabitants and inhabitants of his coaches? They pay their fare, and if they reach their journey's end they have had fair play; he feels a sublime contempt for their parlous anxiety about coats, cloaks, and umbrellas, and nothing short of news of an overturn can withdraw the pen from his mouth. The whirl around his office is to him as quiet as the mountains; the coming and going of the coach which, to use Shelley's line,

"Brought pleasure there, and left passion behind,"

stirs not his sympathies; it is a piece of business—a mechanical arrangement; like the clock in his office, he thinks only of keeping time.—*Athenæum.*

Honor hath three things in it. First, the advantage ground to do good; secondly, the approach to principal persons; thirdly, the raising of a man's own fortunes.—*Bacon.*

KITE AND COMET.—The boys of our borough a few evenings since, attached a lantern to a kite, and elevated it to a very great height in the air—the wind blowing from the south-west, consequently the light was seen north east, the point in which the comet is to be seen. It gave rise to much speculation, among many of our neighbors, some thought it really was a comet, rapidly descending to the earth—others were unable to say what it was, but thought it ominous of no good. To those who have not yet heard what it was, we tell them that it was nothing more or less than what we have stated above.—*Pottsville Herald.*

From Blackwood's Magazine for October.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

SCENES IN JAMAICA.

IV. Trial of the Pirates.

The regular Court-house of the city being under repair, the Admiralty sessions were held in a large room occupied temporarily for the purpose. At one end, raised two steps above the level of the floor, was the bench, on which was seated the Judge of the Admiralty Court, supported by two post captains in full uniform, who are ex-officio Judges of this court in the colonies, on each side. On the right, the jury, composed of merchants of the place, and respectable planters of the neighborhood, were enclosed in a sort of box, with a common white pine railing separating it from the rest of the court. There was a long table in front of the bench, at which a lot of black-robed devils, limbs of lawyers, were ranged—but both amongst them, and on the bench, the want of the cauliflower wigs was sorely felt by me, as well as by the seamen, who considered it little less than murder, that men in crops—black shock-pated fellows—should sit in judgment on their fellow creatures, where life and death were in the scales.

On the left hand of the bench, the motley public—white, black, and of every intermediate shade—were grouped; as also in front of the dock which was large. It might have been made with a view to the possibility of fifteen unfortunates or so being arraigned at one time, but now there were no fewer than forty-three jammed and pegged together into it, like sheep in a Smithfield pen the evening before market day. These were the *forty thieves*—the pirates. They were all, without exception, clean, well shaven, and decently rigged in white trowsers, linen or check shirts, and held their broad Panama sombreros in their hands.

Most of them wore the red silk sash round the waist. They had generally large bushy whiskers, and not a few had ear-rings of massive gold, (why call wearing ear-rings puppyism? Shakspeare wore ear-rings, or the Chandos portrait lies) and chains of the same metal round their necks, supporting, as I concluded, a crucifix, hid in the bosom of the shirt. A Spaniard can't murder a man comfortably, if he has not his crucifix about him.

They were, collectively, the most daring, intrepid, Salvator Rosa-looking men I had ever seen. Most of them were above the middle size, and the spread of their shoulders, the grace with which their arms were hung, and finely developed muscles of the chest and neck, the latter exposed completely by the folding back of their shirt collars, cut large and square after the Spanish fashion, beat the finest boat's crew we could muster, all to nothing. Some of them were mixed blood, that is, the cross between the European Spaniard and the aboriginal Indian of Cuba, a race long since sacrificed on the altar of Mammon, the white man's god.

Their hair, generally speaking, was long, and curled over the forehead black and glossy, or hung down to their shoulders in ringlets, that a dandy of the second Charles' time would have given his little finger for. The forehead in most was high and broad, and of a clear olive, and nose straight, springing boldly from the brow, the cheeks oval, and the mouth—every Spaniard has a beautiful mouth, until he spoils it with the beastly cigar, as far as his well formed lips can be spoiled; but his teeth he generally does destroy early in life. Take the whole, however, and deduct for the teeth, I had never seen so handsome a set of men; and I am sure no woman, had she been there, would have gainsayed me. They stood up, and looked forth upon their judges and jury like brave men, desperadoes though they were. They were, without exception, calm and collected, as if aware that they had small chance of escape, but still determined not to give that chance away. One young man especially attracted my attention, from the bold, cool self-possession of his bearing. He was in the very front of the dock, and dressed in no way different from the rest, so far as his undergarments were concerned, unless it were that they were of a finer quality. He wore a short green velvet jacket, profusely studded with knobs and chains, like small chain shot of solid gold, similar to the shirting button lately introduced by our dandies in their waistcoats. It was not put on, but hung on one shoulder, being fastened across his breast by the two empty sleeves tied together in a knot. He also wore the red silk sash, through which a broad gold cord ran twining like the strand of a rope. He had no ear-rings, but his hair was the most beautiful I had ever seen in a male—long, and black, jet-black and glossy. It was turned up and fastened in a clue on the crown of his head with a large pin, I should rather say skewer, of silver; but the outlandishness of the fashion was not offensive, when I came to take into the account the beauty of the plaiting, and of the long raven lovelocks that hung down behind each of his small transparent ears, and the short Hyperion-like curls that clustered thick and richly on his high, pale, broad forehead. His eyes were large, black, and swimming, like a woman's; his nose straight and thin; and such a mouth, such an under-lip, full and melting; and teeth regular and white, and utterly free from the pollution of tobacco, and a beautifully moulded small chin, rounding off, and merging in his round, massive, muscular neck.

I had never seen so fine a face, such perfection of features, and such a clear, dark, smooth skin. It was a finer face than Lord Byron's, whom I had seen more than once, and wanted that hellish curl of the lip; and, as to figure, he could, to look at him, at any time have eaten up his lordship stoop and roop to his breakfast. It was the countenance in a word, of a most beautiful youth, melancholy, indeed, and anxious—evidently anxious; for the large pearls that course each other down his forehead and cheek, and the slight quivering of the under lip, every now and then evinced the powerful struggle that was going on within. His figure was, if possible, superior to his face. It was not quite filled up, *set*, as we call it, but the arch of his chest was magnificent, his shoulders square, arms well put on: but his neck—"Have you seen the Apollo, neighbor?"—"No, but the cast of it at Somerset House."—"Well, that will do—so you know the sort of neck he had." His waist was fine, hips beaut fully moulded; and although his under limbs were shrouded in his wide trowsers, they were evidently a piece with what was seen and developed: and this was vouched for by the turn of his ankle and well shaped foot, on which he wore a small Spanish grass slipper, fitted with great nicety. He was at least six feet two inches in height, an I such as I have described him. There he stood with his two hands grasping the rail before him, and looking intently at a wigless lawyer who was opening the accusation, while he had one ear turned a little towards the sworn interpreter of the court, whose province it was, at every pause to explain to the prisoners what the learned gentleman was stating. From time to time he said a word or two to a square built, dark, ferocious looking man standing next him, apparently about forty years of age, who, as well as his fellow prisoners, appeared to pay him great respect; and I could not fail to see expression of their countenances change as his rose and fell.

The indictment had been read before I came in, and, as already mentioned, the lawyer was proceeding with his accusatory speech, and as it appeared to me, the young Spaniard had some difficulty in understanding the interpreter's explanation. Whenever he saw me, he exclaimed, "Alaqui viene el Senor Teniente—ahora sabremos—ah-ee, ahora," and he beckoned to me to draw near. I did so.

In a few words, Mr. Cringle, he said in Spanish with the ease and grace of a nobleman—but I beg to the interpreter to be incapable, and I am certain that what I say is not fittingly explained to the judges: neither do I believe he can give you a correct notion of what the advocate is alleging against us. May I entreat you to solicit the bench for permission to take his place? I know you will expect no apology for the trouble from a man in my situation."

This unexpected address in open court took me fairly aback, and I stopped short while in the act of passing the open space in front of the dock, which was kept clear by six marines in white jackets, whose muskets, fixed bayonets, and unifrm caps, seemed out of place to my mind in a criminal court. The lawyer suddenly suspended his harangue, while the judges fixed their eyes on me, and so did the audience, confound them! To be the focus of so many eyes was trying to my modesty; for although I had mixed a little in the world, and was not altogether unacquainted with betternost society still, below any little man ner that I had acquired, there was, and always will be, an under stratum of bashfulness, or sheepishness, or *mauvaise honte*, call it which you will; and the torture, the breaking on the wheel, with which a man of that temperament perceives the eyes of a whole court-house, for instance, attracted to him, none but a bashful man can understand. At length I summoned courage enough to speak.

"May it please your honors, this poor fellow on his own behalf, and on the part of his fellow prisoners, complains of the sworn interpreter, and requests that I may be made the channel of communication in his stead."

This was a tremendous effort, and once more the whole blood of my body rushed to my cheeks and forehead, and I "sweat extremely." The judges, he of the black robe and those of the epaulet, communed together.

"Have you any objections to be sworn, Mr Cringle?"

"None in the least, provided the court considers me competent, and the accused are willing to trust me."

"Si, si!" exclaimed the young Spaniard, as if comprehending what was going on—"Somos contentos—todos, todos!" and he looked round like a prince, on his fellow culprits. A low murmuring, "Si, si,—contento, contento!" passed amongst the group.

"The accused, please your honors, are willing to trust my correctness."

"Pray, Mr. Cringle, don't make yourself the advocate of these men, mind that," said the lawyer, *sans* wig.

"I don't intend it, sir," said I, slightly stung; "but if you had suffered what I have at their hands, *peradventure* such a caution to you would have been unnecessary."

The sarcasm told, I was glad to see; but remembering where I was, I hauled out of action with the man of words, simply giving the last shot, "I am sure no English *gentleman*," a *little* emphasis on the word, "will throw any difficulty in the way of the poor fellows being made aware of what is given in evidence against them, bad as they may be."

He was about rejoining, for a lawyer would as soon let you have the last word as a sweep or a baker the wall, when the officer of the court approached and swore me in, and the trial proceeded.

The whole party were proved by fifty witnesses to have been taken in arms on board of the schooners in the Cove, and further, it was proved that no commission or authority to cruise whatsoever was found on board any of them, a strong proof that they were pirates.

"Que dice, que dice?" enquired the young Spaniard already mentioned.

I said that the court seemed to infer, and were pressing it on the jury, that the absence of any commission or letter of marque from a superior officer or from any of the Spanish authorities, was strong evidence that they were marauders—in fact pirates.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "gracias, gracias!" Then with an agitated hand he drew from his bosom a parchment, folded like the manifest of a merchant ship, and at the same moment the gruff fierce looking elderly man did the same, with another similar instrument from his own breast.

"Here, here are the commissions—here are authorities from the Captain General of Cuba. Read them."

I looked over them; they were regular to all appearance, at least as there were no autographs in court of the Spanish Viceroy, or any of his officers, whose signatures, either *real* or *forged*, were affixed to the instruments, with which to compare them. There was a great chance, I conjectured, so far as I saw, that they would be acquitted; and in this case, we, his majesty's officers, would have been converted into the transgressing party; for if it were established that the vessels taken, were *bona fide Guarda Costas*, we should be placed in an awkward predicament, in having captured them by force of arms, not to take into account the having violated the sanctity of a friendly port.

But I could see that this unexpected production of regular papers by their officers had surprised the pirates themselves, as much as it had done me,—whether it was a heinous offence of mine or not to conceal the impression from the court, (there is some dispute about the matter to this hour between me and my conscience.) I can't tell; but I was determined to stick scrupulously to the temporary duties of my office, without stating what I suspected, or even translating some sudden expressions overheard by me, that would have shaken the credibility of the documents.

"Comisiones, comisiones!" for instance, was murmured by a weatherbeaten Spaniard, with a fine bald head, from which two small tufts of grey hair stood out above his ears, and with a superb Moorish face—"Comisiones—Si hay comisiones, el Diablo mismo les ha hecho!"

The court was apparently nonplussed—not so the wigless man of law. His pea-green visage assumed a more fiendish hue, and the expression of his eyes became damnable and blasting. He looked altogether like a cat sure of her mouse, but willing to let it play in fancied joy of escaping, as he said softly to the Jew crier, who was perched in a high chair above the heads of the people, like an ugly *corbie* in its dirty nest—"Crier, call Job Rumblethumpp, mate of the Porpoise."

"Job Rumblethumpp, come into court."

"Here," quoth Job, as a stout, bluff, honest looking sailor rolled into the witness box.

"Now, clerk of the crown, please to swear in the mate of the Porpoise." It was done. "Now, my man, you were taken going through the Caicos Passage in the Porpoise, by pirates, in August last—were you not?"

"Yes sir."

"Turn your face to the jury, and speak up, sir. Do you see any of the *honest* men who made free with you in that dock, sir? Look at them, sir."

The mate walked up to the dock, stopped, and fixed his eyes intently on the young Spaniard. I stared breathlessly at him also. He grows pale as death—his lipquivers—the large drops of sweat once more burst from his brow. I grew sick—sick.

"Yes, your honor," said the mate.

"Yes—ah!" said the devil's limb, chuckling—"we fare getting on the trail at last. Can you swear to more than one?"

"Yes, your honor,"

"Yes!" again responded the *sans* wig. "How many?"

The man counted them off. "Fifteen, sir.—That young fellow there is the man who cut Captain Spurtel's throat, after violating his wife before his eyes."

"God forgive me, is it possible?" gasped Thomas Cringle.

"There's a monster in human form for you, gentlemen," continued devil's limb. "Go on, Mr Rumblethumpp."

"That other man next him hung me up by the heels, and seared me on the bare"——Here honest Job had just time to divert the current of his speech into a loud "Whew!"

* * * * * * * * *

Job continued, "I was burnt into the very muscle, until I told where the gold was stowed away."

"Aha!" screamed the lawyer, forgetting his recent discomfiture in the gladness of success; "and all the rest were abetting eh?"

"The rest of the fifteen were, sir"——

But the professor, a glutton in his way, had thought he had bagged the whole forty-three—And so he ultimately did before the evening closed in, as most of the others were identified by other witnesses; and when they could not actually be sworn to, the piracies were brought home to them by circumstantial evidence; such, for instance, as having been captured on board of the craft we had taken, which again were identified as the very vessels which had plundered the merchantmen and murdered several of their crews, so that by 6 o'clock the jury had returned a verdict of guilty—and I believe there never was a juster—against the whole of them. The finding and sentence of death following thereupon, seemed not to create any strong effect upon the prisoners. They had all seen how the trial was going; and long before this, the bitterness of death seemed to be past.

I must make a long story short. Two days afterwards, I was ordered with the launch to Kingston, early in the morning, to receive twenty five of the pirates who had been ordered for execution that morning at Gallows Point. It was a little past four A. M. when we arrived at the wherry wharf, where they were already clustered, with their hands pinioned behind their backs, silent and sad, but all of them calm, and evincing no unmannerly fear of death.

I don't know if other people have noticed it, but this was one of several instances where I have seen foreigners—Frenchman, Italians, and Spaniards, for instance, meet inevitable death, with greater firmness than British soldiers or sailors.—Let me explain. In the field, or grappling in mortal combat, on the blood-slippery deck of an enemy's vessel, a British soldier or sailor is the bravest of the brave. No soldier or sailor of any other country, saving and excepting those d——d Yankees, can stand against him—they would be utterly overpowered—their hearts would fail them—they would either be cut down—thrust through, or they would turn and flee. Yet those same men who have turned and fled, will meet death, but it must be, as I said, inevitable, unavoidable death, not only more firmly than their conquerors would do in their circumstances, but with an intrepidity—oh, do not call it indifference! altogether astonishing. Be it their religion, or their physical conformation, or what it may, all I have to do with, is the fact which I record as undeniable. Out of five and twenty individuals, in the present instance not a sigh was heard, nor a moan, nor a querulous word. They stepped lightly into the boats, and seated themselves in silence. When told by the seamen to make room, or to shift so as not to be in the way of the oars, they did so with alacrity, and almost with an air of civility, although they knew that within a half an hour their earthly career must close forever.

The young Spaniard who stood forward so conspicuously on the trial, was in my boat; in stepping in he accidentally trod on my foot in passing forward; he turned and apologized, with much natural politeness—"He hoped he had not hurt me?"

I answered kindly, I presume—who could have done so harshly? This emboldened him apparently for he stopped, and asked leave to sit by me. I consented, while no incomprehensible feeling crept over me; and when once I had time to recollect myself, I shrunk from him, as a bloodstained brute, with whom even in his extremity it was unfitting for me to hold any intercourse.—When he noticed my repugnance to remain near him, he addressed me hastily, as if afraid that I would destroy the opportunity he seemed to desire.

"God did not always leave me the slave of my passions," he said in a low, deep, and most musical voice. The day has been when I would have shrunk as you do—but time presses. "*You have a mother?*" said he—I assented—"*and an only sister?*" As it happened, he was right here too. "And—and" here he hesitated, and his voice trembled with the most intense and heart-rending emotion—"*y una mas cara que ambos?*" Mary, you can tell whether in this he did not also speak the truth. I acknowledged there was another being more dear to me than either. "Then," said he, "take this chain from my neck, and the crucifix and a small minature from my bosom; but not yet—not till I leave the boat. You will find an address affixed to the string of the latter. Your course of service may lead you to St Jago—if not, a brother officer may." His voice became inaudible; his hot scalding tears dropped fast on my hand, and the ravisher, the murderer, the pirate, wept as an innocent and helpless infant—"You will deliver it. Promise a dying man—promise a great sinner." But it was momentary—he quelled the passion with a fierce and savage energy, as he said sternly, "Promise, promise!" I did so, and I fulfilled it. The day broke. I took the jewels and miniature from his neck, as he led the way with the firm step of a hero in ascending the long gibbet. The halters were adjusted, wen he stepped toward the side I was on, as far as the rope would let him, "*Deza me verla; deza me verla, una vez mas!*" I held up the miniature. He looked—he glared intensely at it.

Adios, Maria, seas feliz mi querida—feliz—feliz—Maria—adios—adios—Maria—Mar"——

The rope severed thy name from his heart, sweet girl; but not until it severed his soul from his body, and sent him to his tremendous account, young in years, but old in wickedness, to answer at that tribunal, where we must all appear, to the God who made him, and whose gifts he had so fearfully abused, for thy broken heart and early death, amongst the other scarlet atrocities of his short but ill-spent life.

The signal had been given; the lumbering flap of the long drop was heard, and five-and twenty human beings were wavering in the sea-breeze in the agonies of death! The other eighteen suffered on the same spot the week following; and for long after, this fearful and bloody example struck terror into the Cuba fishermen.

City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 17, 1832.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

The scenes of the last week have varied but little from those of the preceding. Yet there have happened some novelties—just enough to make the amusements "on hand" pass with spirit, and not tire with their staleness.

The stockholders in the Rail Road which boldly reaches into the very heart of the city, impatient of its completion, resolved to celebrate its *progress*, and on Wednesday they took an airing on that portion of it already completed, in cars provided for the occasion, and afterwards partook of a sumptuous dinner at the City Hotel. The day was bright and fine—rather too cool perhaps for comfort—but who thinks of cold fingers and a blue face when he anticipates the luxury of one of Jennings' glorious dinners? We do these things here with such gusto, and there is really so much humor and frolic connected with our celebrations incident to the undertaking and completion of our great public works, that if for nothing else but the getting up of the feasts, we should deplore their discontinuance. This connecting great enterprises with our festivities, is a refinement in our luxuries, that has given to our national character one of its most interesting and and striking features.

Another circumstance has created some talk with the gossips, and even drawn the "exclusives" from their wonted dignified silence. The Opera House was not *crammed* on Monday night. Those not initiated into the mysteries of the *ton* cannot conceive the sensation such an event creates in "good society." What! the patrons of the Opera to suffer the mortification of not rendering popular to any extent, whatever their judgment approves? Are the *elite* to be told that Miss Kemble is more attractive than Pedrotti? Defend us good angels—we dare not intimate that such is the case, but during the week there have been symptoms that foreboded some such result. But "mum's the word" for the present. Yet we cannot resist the temptation of whispering in your ear, kind reader, that some folks are getting a little tired of some folks.

The next most remarkable circumstance we learn from the proceedings of the City Corporation on Monday night. The freedom of the city is to be conferred on Mr. Van Buren, in token of which a superb snuff box is to be presented him. This event has given occasion to some witticisms among the gentleman's political opponents, and some have asked who paid for the box? And others if it be set in brilliants or paste? But never mind. These things must be, and though the discomfitted party will growl occasionally at the doings of the majority, yet the shot of a retreating enemy are not much dreaded, and they are fired rather to exhibit the unconquered spirit of the party, than to effect a wound.

The *literati* have all been reading Mr. Adams new poem, with which they seem delighted, tho' they have failed to discover its political bearing. This is not surprising, for it really has none, as we are assured by the author in its commencement.

Another class of readers have been in raptures over that delicious morceau of poetry from the pen of Fanny Kemble, which is well worthy of herself, and complimentary to the autumnal scenes of our country.

These and a few other minor subjects have checkered the dull realities of the past week, and have given zest and variety to Life in New-York.

THE COMET.

In alluding to this subject, the *Standard* justly observes:—"If there is any thing beautiful in this world, it is truth; any thing difficult of attainment, it is certainty. This axiom has been recalled to our memory by a cursory revision which we have been making of the various notices that have been taken *ex cathedra* of the comet said to be now on its way to pay us a visit. If we remember rightly, it is about six months since its coming began to command the attention of the quidnuncs on this side of the Atlantic, and it is not hazarding a very improbable assertion to say, that one paragraph at least has appeared in every paper throughout the Union, of which the movements of the comet, and their probable and possible consequences have furnished the subject. But diminish the number one half, and still we have upwards of a thousand choice morsels of conjecture, and no two of them in perfect accordance. Boston tells us that the visitor may already be seen, if not with the naked eye, at any rate, by the help of a moderately good telescope; Philadelphia, on the other, insists that nearly a month must elapse before its arrival within reach of our vision; and Louisville covertly insinuates a doubt of its advent at any time. "Its tail is remarkably short," says one; "it has no tail at all," says another. "Tis in the plane of our orbit, and will smite us to atoms," cries some faint-hearted sinner at the north; "I will not come within fifty millions of miles of us," says the bold southron. One sage comforts his readers with the assurance that it is but a vapour—while another stoutly contends that it is of earth, earthy; and a third will have it, that 'tis nothing but a huge ball of fire. It brought the Cholera and killed young Napoleon; made all our peaches poisonous, re-elected General Jackson, and made Leopold King of Belgium—every one has his own catalogue of mischances, for which he religiously intends to hold the comet responsible; and the stranger itself in the mean time pursues its wonderful course through the illimitable regions of space, troubling nobody, interfering with nobody, and quietly fulfilling the unknown purposes of its creation.

MISS VINCENT'S CARD.

This young lady has recently offered *five hundred dollars* for the best Tragedy, in which the principal character is a heroine of about her own age—eighteen years; and embracing equal capabilities with Knowles' Julia, or Shakspeare's Juliet.

This is generously done, and well deserves the consideration of our dramatic writers.

The time has been when an author of acknowledged talents, possessing a work that would immortalize his name, has suffered in penury and want from the cold reception of a selfish world and the lack of patronage. Thank Heaven those days are past and gone. But the rich are not now the only patrons of genius and the encouragers of literary efforts. The arts are so dependent on each other for their existence, that they mutually conspire to render the votaries of all, the necessary participators in the success of one. But more especially is this true in the Dramatic Art, whether as author or actor. In our own country and in England of late, the benefit has been strikingly reciprocal, and the fame and the reward has been shared with equal honor by both.

We hope such will be the result in the present case, and we know of no actress in our country so entirely capable of rendering the production of a Dramatist that justice which shall redound to his honor, and at the same time afford her an opportunity for the display of those powers for which she is so deservedly celebrated.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

A complete and beautiful edition of the entire Works of this favourite Poet has just been issued from the press of Mr. William Pearson. The elegance of the typography, and the fineness of the paper, entitle this edition to a splendid binding, and make it worthy a place on the shelves of those most tasteful in the selection of their editions of standard authors.

To all admirers of "Scotia's bard" this will be a most desirable compilation, as it contains in a condensed form whatever relates to Burns worth preserving, and is most judiciously arranged.

The following general heads will show the nature and extent of the work:—

1. The Life, by Lockhart.

2. The Poems, as published in the Kilmarnock and first Edinburgh edition, with the poet's own prefaces to these editions, and also as published in Dr. Currie's edition of 1800; having superadded the pieces since brought forward by Walker, Irving, Morison, Paul, and Cromek.

3. Essay (by Dr. Currie) on Scottish Poetry, including the Poetry of Burns.

4. Select Scottish songs, *not* Burns's, upwards of 200 in number, and many of them having his Annotations, historical and critical, prefixed.

5. Burns's Songs, collected from Johnson's Musical Museum, the larger work of Thomson, and from the publications of Cromek, Cunningham, and Chalmers, nearly 200 in number.

6. The Correspondence, including all the Letters published by Dr. Currie, besides a number subsequently recovered, published by Cromek and others.

The whole forming the best picture of the man and the poet, and the only complete edition of his writings, in *one* work, hitherto offered to the public. Besides a portrait of the poet, executed by an able artist, long familiar with the original picture by Nasmyth, there is also here presented (an entire novelty) a fac-simile of the poet's handwriting. It was at one time matter of surprise that the ploughman should have been a man of genius and a poet. If any such curious persons still exist, they will of course be likewise surprised to find that he was so good a penman.

Attempt at Rescue.—A colored man, who for some days had been in confinement on charge of being a fugitive slave from the South, was brought before the Recorder on Tuesday in obedience to a writ of *habeas corpus*. From want of time the matter was postponed until afternoon and the individual was ordered to remain in custody. The poor infatuated wretch it seems had premeditated an attack on the keeper in which he was to be assisted by a number of blacks, and had selected the occasion of his returning from the office to the Prison as the time for operations. Armed with a knife he fell upon the keeper, and but for the fortunate circumstance of his knife coming in contact with the keeper's watch, he would have added the crime of murder to his catalogue of sins. His confederates rushed in and seemed determined at all hazards to rescue the prisoner. Blows were dealt freely, and the scuffle which ensued bore a most tragic appearance. Both the keeper and the Police Officer, together with those who came to their assistance, were severely injured, but were at length sufficiently reinforced to master these infuriated, misguided beings. The prisoner and three of the ringleaders in this affray were secured and committed to the keeper of the Bridewell for further examination.

We are forced to believe that these "colored gentlemen" were not aware of the nature of this interfering with the execution of the laws, but that they were somehow deluded into the belief that thus rescuing one of their race from the clutches of officers was a private enterprise, which if successful would cover them with glory.

They, however, will be *informed* of the *informality* of such summary proceedings; and we trust the example made of them, will teach our colored population the wholesome truth, that the same laws that secure to them their freedom, also provide for the punishment of their crimes.

PICKPOCKETS.

We so frequently have occasion to notice the performances of the light-fingered gentry, and have warned with such earnestness those of well-filled pockets not to appear in crowds with their *kimikles* "in fob," that it is actually astonishing how any one thus blessed with the *needful* can venture into the pits of our theatres. During the past week two unfortunate gentlemen have sacrificed their "hard-earned gold" for a public warning; and although it may benefit their neighbors and friends, by teaching them a lesson of caution, it cannot have been a very pleasing conviction to themselves to have discovered their pockets rifled, even while enjoying the scenes of gaiety and fashion that of late have characterized our theatres. Again we caution our friends of the danger incident to crowds: our city is infested with a horde of these expert gentlemen, whose views are so enlarged and general that they really cannot stoop to make the distinction between their own pockets and their neighbors'. The cases we have referred to are thus noticed in the *Courier*:—

"A gentleman belonging to the State of Vermont, who arrived in this city on Monday evening by one of the Bridgeport packets, had his pocket picked the same night in the pit of the Bowery Theatre, of seventeen hundred dollars. This amount was made up of small bills, generally fives, tens, and twenties, of the Eastern banks, and was artfully abstracted from the pocket of his frock coat, by making an incision with some sharp instrument through the cloth of the skirt into the pocket. We have frequently advised strangers and others to be on their guard when visiting places of promiscuous resort, and we again repeat the advice.

"Since the above was written, information has been given at the police office by a resident in the western part of this state, of another loss. His pocket-book, containing four hundred and twenty dollars, was also taken from his pocket the same evening at one of the theatres, but which of them is not stated. The notes are in tens and fives on the Utica and Geneva banks."

The Packet Lines.—The yearly improvements which our enterprising ship owners are making in the facilities of commerce have rendered the New-York packets the admiration of foreign nations. The number of ships in the London lines has been increased and instead of two, three ships a month will hereafter be dispatched from New-York and from Portsmouth, Eng. on the 1st, 10th, and 20th.

A new arrangement of the Havre packets has just been announced with an increased number of ships.

The three Liverpool lines have run in concert for many years. Both these and the Havre packets will hereafter sail on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th.

The London united line is composed of twelve ships; the Liverpool of sixteen, and the Havre of sixteen, making a total of forty four. What a spectacle must they present to the lovers of freedom in the old world; and how truly do they indicate the prosperity that attends the enterprises of the unshackled sons of Liberty.

"I'll speak daggers, but use none."—Shak.

Novel Experiment.—In the last number of the *Spirit of the Times*, the publisher gives notice that he shall employ Daggers in collecting his subscriptions. Well has it been said, that "desperate ends require desperate means," and we know of few things more desperate than attempts to collect newspaper accounts. The publisher must have known this as well as ourselves; but he seems resolved to obviate procrastination by giving all fair warning of the mode he has adopted. We hope none of his patrons will be injured; yet, if they are, we shall hardly pity them; for the somewhat trite axiom "the laborer is worthy of his hire," should be well considered by all before they *patronize* any publication.

Remarks.—The above precious *morceau* is from the *Schaghticoke Luminary*. [Zounds, what a title!] The writers (for it must have taken at least a dozen to produce so exquisite a batch of the pure attic) have endeavored to be merry at the expense of our collector, who bears one of those unfortunate cognomens that small wits delight in playing upon.

Well, we shall not object to all the enjoyment their *joke* can afford, if they will recant the "diabolical inuendo" levelled at the punctuality of our patrons. We would have these sapient editors "for to know," ('tis a pity they cannot see how we are bristling up just now,) that we have as clever a list of subscribers as can be gathered between Nantucket Point and Barataria; and that they not only pay their subscriptions promptly, but that—that—that——we dispense with the *patronage* of those who do not!

A splendid silver vase was presented by the passengers in the steamboat *General Jackson*, on the 2d August last, to Capt. Havens, in consideration of his continuing to run that boat between this city and New-London during the prevalence of the late epidemic.

Counterfeiting.—Perkins' stereotype plate, hitherto deemed a perfect security against forgery, has been found unavailing. George Vesey has been detected in Boston in passing a ten dollar counterfeit bill of that description, and committed to prison. The bill was on the Suffolk Bank, and the imitation, both of the engraving and signatures, was so exact as to create a doubt in the minds of the officers of the institution, until they examined the issue-book. A quantity of similar counterfeit bills, to the amount of $5,500, has been found in a shed at Roxbury, and burnt by order of the Attorney General.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

"Julia is Miss Kemble's masterpiece." We have read this expression and heard it a hundred times, but without fully consenting to its truth; and it has been a mooted point in our mind if it really be her *chef d'œuvre*. But on Monday the Hunchback was repeated, and all our doubts vanished. It is indeed her masterpiece, and by far the most perfect dramatic illustration of character we ever witnessed. Miss Kemble has evidently improved in the part, and has modulated her voice to suit the size of the house. During her first engagement, many of her sweetest tones were lost to those farthest removed from the stage, and often whole sentences were unheard. This and other minor defects have been remedied. The audience is more quiet and still; there is less promenading in the saloon, and less talking and bustle in the galleries.

One who has never seen Miss Kemble in this character cannot fully appreciate the talents of this gifted lady. Her personation of the part develops powers of a class which, in almost any other character, are wholly uncalled for, and which even her admirers might not imagine she possessed. The scope which is here afforded her elicits a succession of the most sublime efforts that can be conceived, and which none but Miss Kemble herself could render successful.

The play itself is full of poetry—sparkling with imagery and the expression of the purest sentiments throughout. The characters, however, are all subordinate to that of Julia.—even Clifford scarcely seems worthy the love of a being thus endowed.

The interest, however, does not depend on any extraneous circumstances. The conflict which so distracts the spirited, but tender-hearted Julia, is all within herself: it is a conflict between her love, her pride, and her duty. In a moment of thoughtless mirth, she is betrayed into the expression of what she intends to do when in the possession of wealth and the enjoyment of a title obtained by marriage. This heedless talk is accidently overheard by her lover, and is the cause of "all her woes." He reproaches her with her folly, and want of love for him; and in a moment of excitement, she renounces her betrothed—but soon discovers that though 'twas quickly and easily done, yet her heart will not follow the suggestions of her offended pride. Now comes her remorse, alternating with her haughty spirit and her sense of justice. It is in the exhibition of these scenes that Miss Kemble displays her astonishing powers. The beautiful conceptions of the author are entirely beyond the reach of any less gifted being;—yet so exquisitely does Miss Kemble personate the whole, that the spectator is cheated into the conviction of the identity of the hapless Julia and the peerless Fanny. This we take to be the true criterion of her merits as an actress; and so fully does she realize all our conceptions of the perfect illustration of a poet's fancied character, that she seems the very original itself.

On Tuesday Miss Kemble played Juliet to a full and very fashionable house. We need not say it was well done, nor that she won applause from the coldest and most phlegmatic. But one sentiment pervaded the audience; and their admiration was not faintly expressed when this talented being gave to the well known points of the play that thrilling and sublime effect which Shakspeare himself could hardly have conceived.

Mr. Barry played Romeo,—thus giving us an opportunity of seeing Mr. Kemble in the character of Mercutio. Mr. Kemble has long been distinguished for his happy personation of this favorite part. We never saw any thing that would compare with it. For the first time, we had a full conception of the real Mercutio that "Shakspeare drew." It is a masterpiece;—and Mr. Kemble does not exceed others in this, more than he exceeds himself in every other character we have seen him attempt. He was continually interrupted by the acclamations of the audience: indeed, so delighted were they with the new beauties he was portraying, that it seemed impossible to restrain the expression of their admiration sufficiently long to permit the completion of such mirth-inspiring sentiments. The applause came from the heart of every one, and was a sincere tribute of admiration that must have been grateful to the feelings of Mr. Kemble, while it evinced the good taste and refinement of the audience.

On Wednesday we witnessed the *debut* of a young lady, who made her first appearance in the character of Amanthis, in the "Child of Nature." She was kindly and courteously received, and throughout the play was cheered on to make her utmost exertion. She was dressed very tastefully, seemed modest, and looked prettily. Here ends our commendation: we are sorry to say more, because we cannot praise farther.

The lady (we did not learn her name) fails in the first great essential of an actress. Her voice is deficient to a degree that absolutely excites pity. This is a misfortune, that all other perfections, however great, cannot remedy. Possibly the nervious excitement of a first appearance might have weakened it,—but we fear this deficiency will be found an obstacle that no pains nor study can surmount. We will not criticise her manner, nor express our opinion of her future success. We leave her to the guidance of her friends, hoping that she, as well as they, may realize their highest anticipations.

The "Gamester" was played on Thursday evening—Mr. Kemble as Beverley, Mrs. Beverley by Miss Kemble. This is one of those painful exhibitions that wring the very heartstrings of the audience. Still the house was crowded with the gay, the thoughtless, and the sober-minded,—all equally attentive, and deeply affected by the scene of misery and distraction passing before their weeping eyes. Mr. Kemble's Beverley is thought by many to be his best performance on our boards. There is little scope for Miss Kemble; but her tenderness, and her looks of unutterable horror, partook so much of the style of her immortal aunt that those who have seen both pronounce the likeness perfect.

THE AMERICAN.

Our friends at this Theatre have not been idle the past week. The Manager understands mustering his forces, when the battle is getting desperate. On Monday night the whole company appeared in their best garb and went through those two clever plays, the *Hunchback* and *Catherine of Cleves*. For that charming young actress Miss Vincent this was a most arduous task. She sustains the principal characters in both plays, which was quite too much. To do justice to either, requires, we should think, all the physical powers that any delicate lady possesses, to say nothing of the mental effort which such parts demand. It is absolutely astonishing how successfully Miss Vincent personated both these elaborate characters. Still no mere mortal can possibly hold out under such exertion and we hope never to see her again thus "tasked."

Of these two characters we like her Julia best. As the unsophisticated, secluded maiden she has but one superior, and she not far removed in point of delineating those traits which characterise the artless country girl. The less tragic portions of this play are best suited to the talents of this lady; in saying which, we would not be understood as detracting from her merits in the more passionate scenes. But her extreme youth and fragile form, together with her peculiarly feminine voice, supports the illusion without an effort on her part during all the early scenes. In assuming the bearing of a dashing town lady she meets with more difficulties, and the spectator is inclined to look on her conflicts of passion rather as the ideal miseries of a spoiled child, than the more lofty struggles of an honorable mind. Miss Vincent may be aware of this herself, and in attempting to remedy it has fallen into the error of over acting some portions of the most thrilling scenes. She must correct this and 'tis easily done, if she will rely on herself, and not attempt to over step those bounds which in her heart she thinks limit her powers.

We congratulate the friends of this theatre on the acquisition of Mr. Booth. On Thursday he appeared in Iago and won the admiration of a full house. He is surpassed by few if any in this character. But as we expect to see him again in this and other of his favorite parts, we will defer a farther notice until then.

"The last link is broken."

CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton, is no more. He died on Wednesday last. His health had been failing for several days previous to Wednesday, when, about four o'clock in the morning, he calmly and gently expired. Our Baltimore papers of that date (just received) do not give us the particulars of his death, having merely time to announce the event. The death of this venerable man is an event that must create in every thinking man's mind the most solemn reflections. For some years he has been the only representative of that band of heroes whose names are attached to the Declaration of Independence. He has now gone to join them, and left the world to mourn his loss. The separation is completed. Hereafter they belong to history, and will forever remain the admiration of succeeding ages.

To Literary Men.—In another column will be found an advertisement of the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Bulletin*, offering his establishment for sale. The well-known excellence of the publication, its extensive circulation, and the accommodating terms on which it is offered, are rare inducements to a person of talent and enterprise.

Atrocious and Disgusting Cruelty.—If the following story from an English paper does not "*make the skin crawl*," poor human nature is sadly degenerated in these latter days.

On Tuesday, a young woman, of mild aspect, named Mary Evans, was charged with having stolen thirteen cats from different parts of the parish of Cripplegate. John Hill, a constable of the parish, stated, that on the preceeding night, he met with the prisoner, and being aware that she was a cat-skinner, and observing she had something in her apron, he stopped and searched her. She had altogether thirteen skins in her possession, one of them quite warm, and a portion of them were concealed in two large pockets, which hung parallel with the calves of her legs. She had adopted this way of carrying her skins, because she was aware she was known, and would be stopped if she carried them in a basket or any other visible manner. From the spot on which he met her, he conjectured she had been skinning some of her victims, in a neighboring public privy, and there, sure enough, he found four bodies! The animal from which the skin that was

Lillian White & Coleman

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

The challenge of J. DICKSON, Esq of Washington city, to run a match race for $1000 over the Washington Course, has been accepted by Col. BURKE, of Prince George's County, Virginia, who enters *Nancy Chanlborough* against Mr. D's. *Jemima Wilkinson*. The money has been deposited, and the match will come off on the 30th of the present month. Great sport is anticipated, from the deservedly high reputation of the horses, which are ranked among the first on the American Turf.

The match proposed a few weeks since by L. DIXON, Esq. to run his horse *Reform* against *Jemima Wilkinson* for $1000 or 1500, is not, we believe, accepted—though we confidently anticipate the pleasure of soon recording it.

A CHALLENGE.

The Secretary of the Tree-Hill Club gives notice that he is authorised and requested to make known, that the produce of Medley, three years old next spring, will run over the Tree-Hill Course the day preceding the next regular Fall meeting, against the produce *of any other horse*, of the same age—two, three, or four mile heats—for the sum of $10,000, to close the 1st of January next.

Gentlemen disposed to accept this bold defiance, may be accommodated by addressing a letter to the Secretary, and all the preliminary arrangements can be made.

NORFOLK JOCKEY-CLUB RACES.

The Jockey-Club Races commenced on the 7th instant, and resulted as follows:—

FIRST DAY.

For the Colt Race, two-mile heats, out of thirteen subscribers, seven horses started for the purse of $1300, which was taken with ease by Mr. Belcher's g. f. Mary Randolph. The following was the award of the judges:

Mr. Belcher's g. f. Mary Randolph, (Dr. Minge's entry) by Gohanna,	1 1
Mr. Johnson's g. f. Blue Bird, by Medley,	5 2
Mr. Hare's g. f. Whortleberry, by Contention, (White & Doswell's entry)	4 3
Mr. Harrison's b. c. Tam O'Shanter, by Monsieur Tonson,	2 dis
Mr. Bott's s. f. Methodist,	3 dis
Mr. Hatcher's s. g. North West, by young Sir Archie, (Mr. Garrison's entry)	6 dis.
Mr. White's Eliza Drake, by Shawnee, (Wm. L. White's entry)	dis.

Time—1st heat 4m. 8s.; second, 4m.

SECOND DAY.

Yesterday the proprietor's purse of $300—two mile heats. The track, though more settled than on the first day, was still very heavy, the attendance good, considering the inclemency of the weather, and the running very handsome. The following was the result:

James S. Garrison's b. m. Sally Hornet, by Sir Charles,	1 1
Charles Hatcher's bl. m. Bonny Black, by Sir Archie,	2 2
Wm. H. Minge's May Day, by do.	3 3
Pitt Thomas' Cayenne, by Arab, d. Packenham,	4 4

Time, 1st heat, 4m. 11s,—2d do. 4m. 52s.

THIRD DAY.

The great Post Stake—purse $1500, entrance 500, four mile heats—was won by Mr. Wynn's g. f. Mary Randolph, by Gohanna, in two heats, beating Mr. Harrison's Goliah, Mr. Garrison's Zingaree, Mr. Johnson's Annette, and Mr. ——'s Charlotte Temple.

ROWING.—The London *Atlas* of August 15th records the greatest feat of rowing we have ever met with. James Williams a waterman on the Thames, rowed his boat with a pair of sculls, for a wager of $2500, *ninety-nine miles* in eleven hours and twenty minutes! He was attended by fleets of boats throughout his voyage. Two skilful rowers once performed the distance in thirteen hours.

HUNTING THE WILD CAT

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in North Corolina, to the editor of the Sporting Magazine, dated Newbern, Sept. 22, 1832.

MR. EDITOR:—

We have a species of game with us, which I believe is peculiar to this section of country—at least I see no mention made of it in your excellent magazine, where I have met with descriptions of every other variety of hunting. And yet, the wild cat will afford the huntsman as much sport, and the hounds as much work, as any other animal I ever followed. Indeed it requires a staunch and numerous pack to take them, for even when run to a stand still—no easy work by the by—they are enabled from their great strength and ferocity, to keep five or six dogs at bay, without difficulty.

The wild cat is much larger, and infinitely stronger than the grey fox, (the red not being an inhabitant of our woods. I know nothing of.) It is about as fleet as the common fox, but as it confines its run to very strong and thick covers, the chase lasts much longer than that of the fox. And being, in addition to all this, a terrible enemy to the farmyard, taking off pigs, poultry, lambs, and sometimes even grown sheep, our sportsmen, who are all farmers, pursue them with invcterate industry. Invited by the flattering appearance of the weather last week, Mr. W. and myself, determined to give our dogs a trial. We, accordingly, rode to cover on Saturday morning, with six couple as fine dogs as ever followed deer, fox, or wild cat. It was our first turn out this season—the whole pack was, consequently, full of riot, and the young dogs in particular, were perfectly frantic. The morning was as auspicious as we could wish—the dog fennel and pine bushes hung droopingly, overloaded with dew. It was quite cool, clear as a bell, and so perfectly calm, that the joyous notes of the dogs, as they gambolled in wild excitement before us, or leaped up fawningly upon our horses, were heard to re-echo over the distant Neuse. After leaving the river a little to the right, we threw off the hounds to a very promising cover, on the north side of Smith's creek. Here we had not proceeded very long, when old Drummer told us, that some prowler had been passing during the night. The scent was very cold, and we worked it slowly and with difficulty, along the windings of the creek; frequently interrupted by the outbursts of the young dogs, after rabbits, &c. By dint of whipping and scolding, we succeeded in bringing these last under subjection. The trail still appearing very cold, we made a cast on the opposite bank of the creek, but with no better success. The game had been there, but it must have been very early on the previous evening. In the mean time, old Drummer had got back to his old trail, and continued to work it with untiring perseverance. The drag appearing to grow warmer, we concluded to bark the other dogs to him. Echo and Rover soon gave tongue, Macduff and Nimrod joined in. Still our best fox dog, old Milton, refused to recognise the trail as legitimate; we were now sure of the nature of our game, it must be a wild cat. We continued to encourage the dogs with increased anxiety. At least, all of them, young and old, acknowledged the trail, and growing into a continued drag, it proceeds through the river swamp, deep into the marsh, far along the margin of the river, and then—what a crash! you might have heard them down the wind, three miles off. And now, swelling into a louder and still a louder strain, the quarry makes directly for the spot where we had taken our stand, upon the verge of the swamp, as far as we could well make our way. We had raised our voices in one exulting shout, when that wild burst had told us, the game was up. But in the tumultuous roar behind him, every other sound was hushed, and the cat made straight for us, either not hearing or heading our halloo. We were now still as statues—and the pack came rushing on—the crashing of the reeds, the rending of the undergrowth, the splashing of the mud and water, and the deep-mouthed roaring of the hounds, uniting together, like the mingled tumults of a September gale, and seeming to give to the terrified animal the wings of the wind. He must have passed within ten steps of us, but owing to the thick cover, we could not catch a view. The pack, however, were close upon him, for they passed us, running breast high, altogether—no running dog, or in line, but each emulously dashed for the lead. The cat seemed determined to try their mettle, and beat them by downright game. Contrary to the usual practice of the animal, he made a straight stretch over the highland, along the border of Smith's old field, and at such a slashing rate, that, to lie by them, made Madge blow like a blacksmith's bellows on a frosty morning. She's a little too fat at present, and not long from grass. Finding this game could never last long, the cat endeavored to throw them out, by a rapid succession of ugly dodges, which bothered the young dogs excessively. But old Milton was wide awake—he had followed too many foxes in his day to be out-generalled even by a wild cat. He followed him cautiously, but unerringly, through all his circles and angles, and the whole pack winding after him, with such close and unremitting assiduity, that they only made too losses, and then, for only two minutes. After circling for about half an hour, in a very thick gum swamp, where he had a great advantage over the dogs, "Monsieur le Chat," finding himself considerably in advance of the hounds, thought he might try them again at long taw; so hoisting out all canvass, he made sail for the Bachelor's creek. This was just what the pack wanted; the young dogs were terribly pestered in the swamp, but here again all was plain sailing, and so the cat seemed to think too, for finding that he could not make good his retreat to Bachelor, he tacked ship, and stood back on his old track—but he was done up. He did indeed contrive to get back to his old place of refuge, the swamp; but we knew, by the manner in which the old dogs were pushed for the lead, that his fate was sealed. He had been now two hours and a half on the pad, and we could tell, as we saw him mount a log, his eyes flashing, his hair bristling, his short tail lashing, "as doubting to return or fly"—his race of existence was run. As we raised the view halloo, his tail drooped again, which he was elevating as a signal for combat, and he dragged himself from the log, with weak and unsteady steps, scarcely had he jumped from one end of the log, when Milton and Echo mounted it at the other, followed by the rest of the pack. Animated by our cheer, and the sight of the devoted game, they seemed to gain additional vigor, and before we had made our way a hundred yards further in the swamp, we heard a sharp angry growl, then Echo's shrill yelp, as she leaped upon the prey, and then a cry from her, as if she had run afoul of a kettle of hot water. Talleyrand next gave a howl of agony, as he shrunk from the rude welcome of the wild cat. All the rest as they came up, seemed to acknowledge by their cries, that they had caught a tartar. But what can one do against twelve?—most of them, too, young, strong, and active. Why, Jackson and Beaufort alone, are strong enough to pull down the strongest buck that ever stood at bay. Even a wild cat must yield to such a powerful odds; so that when we succeeded in scrambling to them, we found our enemy, and a huge one he was, dead upon the field, and the dogs limping and baying around, manifesting by their condition the severity of the chase and combat.

Yours, respectfully,

A. F. G.

[We must confess, we had no idea before, that there could be so much sport in the chase of the wild cat; we supposed that they had no run in them—that they would immediately betake themselves to a tree, or be very quickly taken on the ground, and there killed, after a very severe resistance. We are quite sure, judging from his commencement, that our correspondent will have fine sport through the season; and hope to hear often from one who has so manifestly a high relish for the delights of the chase, and a good tact for describing what he so much enjoys. How much we would rejoice to accompany our friend Topthorn, to join A. F. G. in the hunt of a North Carolina wild cat.]

From a Scotch Paper.

OTTER HUNTING.—Mr. LOMAX'S excellent pack is still busy, at least at intervals, thinning the otter tribe in various streams, affording amusement to the whole country side, and prompting to that vigorous exercise which gives to all the springs that minister to health a higher tone and a freer play. The quantity of fish killed by otters is altogether incredible, and if the salmon, &c. in the Nith, the Cairn, and the Cargen could speak, we are sure they would hold a congress in some convenient pool, and vote a congratulatory address to James Lomax, Esq. as a reformer, as far as they are concerned, equal even to Earl Grey himself. On Tuesday the hounds cast off at Friar's Carse, speedily found, and had a beautiful chase beyond the waiving woods of Blackwood, and amidst some of the finest scenery on the banks of the Nith. In more than one pool there was a noble tussel, and the otter proved so strong that he threatened to drown half the dogs in the pack. At one point the tug was terrible; such whooping and hallooing was never heard—the echoes of old Blockwood were frightened from their propriety, and just as the quarry, after a protracted struggle, was beating a retreat, he was caught by one of the gentlemen present, and safely landed on terra firma. The dogs were in such a rage that to bag him was impossible, and after a fearful worry the animal was killed. In length he measured four feet, and weighed very nearly 30 lbs. The whipper-in of the pack rubbed his hands, gazed with delight on the unwonted prize, and declared that after thirty years' experience he had never known an otter so heavy by six pounds. A similar opinion was expressed by the whole field, including a number of country gentlemen, and the skin has been sent to Conener Lookup, to be tanned and preserved as a curiosity.

On Friday the dogs had another field day—opening scene of action Irongray Kirk. At Speddock they gave tongue, and had a warm trail; but in compliance with the wishes of some of the party, the dogs were called off, after which the party proceeded to Dalgoner Bridge. From this point they beat the Cairn in vain, as far up as Dardarroch, returned to the Speddoch, immediately found, and between the stream and the mill-lade had lots of employment for the space of two hours. The four-footed fish-monger, who was sadly beleaguered, and in his extremity sought the land, strove to ensconce himself among some scroggy bushes, and in the end, shared the fate of all otters that get entangled in the toils of the redoubted Lomax pack.

"Thanks my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a park, or smok'd in a platter,
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chamber, to place it in view
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu."

Warm Springs, Sep. 22, 1832

MR. EDITOR:—

Dost know Col. John Fry, mine host of the Warm? How he got his military title I cannot tell, unless it may have been by killing a rattlesnake, an achievement usually rewarded east of the mountains with that distinction. In his civil capacity may he long flourish. If you do not know him, it is a misfortune which I will hasten to remedy by introducing him to your acquaintance: for he is in truth a worthy personage, with as kind a heart as throbs, who thoroughly knows, and fully enjoys the pleasure of pleasing. He is an especial encourager of the dance, and without having served a regular apprenticeship, cuts more and better capers than e'er a boy of them all. It is gratifying to see him perambulating the ball room with eye glistening and foot quivering to the sound of the violin, and its accompaniments the French horn and clarinet; this, by the way, when he is not engaged in the dance; but when he is, though his years more nearly approximate a century than a unit, you would be amused to see how gayly he "trips on light fantastic toe." Having thus introduced our obliging host, I will proceed to narrate a fact on his authority. Among the many creature comforts daily administered to us at this pleasant watering place, venison constitutes a more delectable item; and such venison! but I will not by a too glowing description increase the regret, which I know you feel, at having been unable to visit this salubrious region, leaving care and cholera behind you. A haunch this day adorns our table d'hote; of which it is great, but not extravagant praise to say it equalled in fatness, a piece of Baltimore mutton. The exhibition by the successful huntsman, of the fine creature which afforded it, occasioned some conversation, respecting the largest size which these denizens of the forest were ever known to attain; in the course of which, I learned from Mr. Fry that he had, some years since, sent to the great patriarch of democracy, Mr. Jefferson, a buck, the weight of which was 186 lbs. when deprived of the head, legs, and all other superfluities, save the skin, which was retained for the better transportation of the flesh. I annex a copy of Mr. J's very characteristic letter, acknowledging the receipt of the valuable present. It may entertain your readers, and you are at liberty to dispose of it as you choose.

Yours, truly, H.

N. B.—If the donor will send to me in the frosty days of December, an animal half as large, I will engage to write a letter of acknowledgment, twice as long as Mr. J's, though I dare say, no one will ever ask a copy for publication.

Monticello, Dec. 3, 1823

You have sent me, dear sir, a noble animal, legitimated by superior force, as monarch of the forest and he has incurred the death, which his brother legitimates have so much more merited: like them in death, he becomes food for a nobler race; he for men, they for the worms that will revel on them. But he dies innocent, and with death all his fears and pains are at an end; they die loaded with maledictions, and liable to a sentence and sufferings, which we will leave to the justice of heaven to award.

In plain English, we shall feast heartily on him, and thank you heartily, as the giver of the feast, with assurances of friendly esteem, and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

MR. JOHN FRY, Warm Springs.

American Turf Register.

REMARKABLE COOLNESS UNDER ADVERSITY.—It must be confessed that it is not very easy to receive bad news with composure—particularly in these election times. We have endeavoured to maintain a philosophic self possession during the present week, but it has been very hard. The exultations of our opponents, and the long faces of our friends, have tinged our feelings, occasionally, with a sombre hue. We frankly admit that the emperor of Germany beat us all hollow, when his dominions were about to be torn from him by Napoleon. When the news of the battle of Marengo was brought to him, which wrested the Lombard Venetian kingdom from his grasp, and proved the grave of Austria's military glory, Francis listened to the details of the fight with phlegmatic indifference, of which it is impossible to convey an idea; and on the aid-de-camp finishing his relation, he rose, and without making the slightest comment, said to the chamberlain, "Come, let us go and feed the pigeons."

CHARACTER OF THE KENTUCKIANS.—The Kentuckians all carry large pocket-knives, which they never fail to use in a scuffle; and you may see a gentleman seated at the tavern door, balanced on two legs of a chair, picking his teeth with a knife, the blade of which is full six inches long, or cutting the bunches, posts, or any thing else that may lie within his reach. Notwithstanding this, the Kentuckians are by no means more quarrelsome than any other people of the western states, and they are vastly less so than the people of Ireland. But when they do commence hostilities, they fight with great bitterness, as do most Americans, biting gouging, and cutting unrelentingly [Farrall's Rambles in America.]

A LADY'S STUD.—The number of Arabian, English and other racers belonging to the Russian Countess Orloff Tchesmensky, amount to no less than 1330. The grounds attached to the studs enclose a space of one thousand and eighty acres, and the number of grooms and laborers employed in it are four thousand three hundred and ninety nine. The sum realized by the sale of horses is of considerable annual amount; and they are sold not only on the spot itself, but in the regular markets, both at St Petersburg and Moscow. It lies near Bobrow, in the province of Waronesc, on one of the Countess's estates, called Chrjenow; and was first set on foot by her father in the year 1778.

STORMING A HELL.—Yesterday afternoon the inhabitants residing at the lower end of the Quadrant, Regent-street, London, were surprised at beholding a number of persons, consisting of foreigners, half-pay officers, and others, rushing out *pell mell* from one of the recently established hells in the above place. In a short time a large mob of persons assembled, who could only glean from the terrified looks, and the rapidity of the movements of those leaving the house, joined with a violent noise in the interior, that something of a desperate nature had occurred. It appeared that in the early part of last week a person, whose language bespoke him to be a Spaniard, went to the house for the purpose of play, and after being at the table for a considerable time, he left, carrying away with him 70*l*. This success induced him to pay a second visit, but whether his good luck had left him, or his opponents were more *au fait* at the table, he came off with a loss of 50*l*.; but as, upon the two days play, he had been a gainer of 20*l*. he paid a third visit with a considerable sum, which in a few hours changed hands, and he left the house without a shilling in his possession. In the course of a day or two some foreigners went to the house, and informed the proprietors that it was their opinion that their countryman had been robbed of the money, and they should expect it to be returned, especially as it belonged to his master, who was in the service of Don Pedro, and to whom the cash belonged. The proprietors refused to refund, when the party made some threats, which were treated with indifference. Yesterday, it appears, they determined to carry their threat into effect, and, having entered the house in such a way as not to excite suspicion, the play went on as usual. About two o'clock there was between three and four hundred pounds in the bank, when, upon a preconcerted signal a scramble was made at the bank by the foreigners, on which a fight instantly commenced, the foreigners drawing their knives or dirks, threatening to use them if opposed. The assailed party seized such weapons as came to hand, and a fight ensued. During the tug of war the banker's table was overturned, and the money scattered on the floor, which very soon found its way into a number of pockets. The foreigners, however, made a precipitate retreat, followed by those who gained the harvest. The result of this transaction has caused the hell to be closed for the present, a kind of temporary insolvency has taken place in consequence of the loss of the entire capital of the proprietors.—*London paper.*

NATURE ON THE STAGE.—The Washington Theatre has been opened for the season. The performances commenced on the 4th instant. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, giving an account of the "opening," relates the following interesting anecdote:—

In the *denouement* of "Sweethearts and Wives," an incident of so touching a nature occurred, that, with the death of the senior Mr. Jefferson green in our memory, we may be permitted briefly to note. Mrs. Chapman, one of Mr. J's. daughters, as Eugenia, in disclosing to her guardian her father's death, the relation reached her heart strings so closely—the tearful eye—the distracted expression of her features—the quivering lip, created that sympathy in the audience, which the best feelings of our nature should be always proud to reciprocate. With Mrs. C. it was no fiction—it was the melancholy reality—the reminiscence of a kind father quite overpowered her feelings. There was nothing imaginary in the actress—it was *truth*—the mirror was indeed held up *to nature.*

PENNY THEATRES.

Queen Square.—A youth named Lock was charged with creating great disturbance in Broadway, Westminster. It appears that a number of Penny Theatres have lately been got up in various parts of the metropolis. There are two in the Broadway,—one being an opposition theatre, set up in an empty hovel, by a soldier belonging to the Coldstream Guards. The inhabitants have been much annoyed by the congregation of low characters, and the police were ordered to take them up. The prisoner, who was dressed in some rusty arm our and a soldier's jacket, was standing at the door, blowing a trumpet, and inviting people to walk in, when he was apprehended. The hovel, which is No. 7 Broadway, was filled with low characters, who decamped at the appearance of the police. Some demanded their money back, but the treasurer was found to be the first to take flight. The prisoner, who said he had been employed by the soldier, was remanded.

A letter was picked up in the Theatre by one of the constables after the clearance, of which the following is a copy:—

"To the Guvernur of Mr harcourts subskripshon theter

"Sir, this cums hopping u ar wel to enform u as how i is got a noshun as how i can hact as wel as most popel and i shud like to hact at yure theter if as how u pleses i as been larnin Hamlet for the last 9 munths and i thinks in 3 or 4 more wekes as i shal be Quite parfek an i wil Call on u in a fu days an Rehurs to a the Part of hamlet an i thinks u will egage me as a minit so no more at present time from

"yure humbel sarvent to command,

"ARGUSTUS MORTIMORE.

"Poskrip to this letir—This his not my Rale name has dussent wornt my Frinds to no i can hact til aftur i dus hact. i has seen Mr keen hact an i thinks i Can do it has wel and i has a better voice, and can speke more louder."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Mr. Ardesoif was very fond of cockfighting, and had a favourite cock upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock he lost, which so enraged him that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable victim were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so exasperated Mr. Ardesoif that he seized the poker, and, with the most furious vehemence, declared that he would kill the first man who interfered; but, in the midst of his passionate assertions, he fell down dead upon the spot. If we be asked whether it be proper to regard all such dispensations as judicial inflictions, we reply, in the words of Cowper,

"Tis not for us, with rash surmise,
To paint the judgment of the skies;
But, judgments PLAIN AS THIS,
From scenes of man's destruction, bring
A written label on their wing,
'Tis hard to read amiss."

KEEP TO THE RIGHT:

Time out of mind, have our worthy Boards of Aldermen, in the plenitude of their wisdom, adopted resolutions and *ordonnances* without number, calling upon the inhabitants of Gotham to bear in mind this wholesome regulation. But, alas! we are a stiff-necked race; and every man, woman, and child conceives that they have a right to set at naught all our sage Corporation enactments. We hope that the following *lamentable accident*, which befel the editor of the "*Lowell Compeat*," will operate as an *awful warning* to all who do not "keep to the right, as the law directs."

"To avoid the accidents caused by contact of wheeled vehicles, our legislators have ordered that both parties should "keep to the right." Verily, there is need of a similar arrangement for the sidewalks. We speak from experience, having met with a bruise for which, were "there any law," we would recover damages, though Venus herself were our opponent. Going up Merrimack street, the other evening, we stepped one side to give a lady passage. Actuated by the same motive, she also dodged, and again we confronted each other. Once or twice this dancing back and forth was enacted, till at length, in a desperate attempt to pass each other, our sconces came in collision.—We smashed her bonnet in the brush; but, bless her pretty picture! she left the marks of her teeth upon our caput—the *teeth* of her comb! If such an outrage is not actionable, we wish some law might be framed to embrace it; and suggest a view to this subject in the choice of our next Representatives.

As Mrs Trollope sneers at the delicacy of the American ladies, we presume the conduct described below is more to her taste. It is a paragraph from a report of a trial for adultery, at one of the courts of law of the English metropolis, reported in the London Ledger of September 11.

"The depositions, and, indeed, the opening statement of counsel, described the transactions to which they related in language that could not be published in a newspaper, and one might have expected that common delicacy would have induced the '*ladies*,' by whom the court was crowded, to have retired abruptly; but, so far from their being moved by any such amiable consideration, they remained to the end of the trial, and seemed even to enjoy the gross details that were developed."

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE II.—When his Majesty came to this country from Hanover, he brought over his cook, to whom he was extremely partial. After some stay at St. James, the cook grew melancholy, and wanted leave to return home. His majesty asked him why he wished to leave his service? The cook replied, "I have long served your majesty with diligence and with honesty, and never suffered any of your property to be embezzled in your kitchen; but here the dishes no sooner comes from the table than one steals a fowl, another a duck, a third takes a joint of meat, and a fourth a pie, and so on until the whole is gone, and I cannot bear to see you so injured." The king's reply was, "My revenues here can afford this custom, and, therefore, to reconcile you to your place, do you steal likewise, and mind that you take enough." The cook took his master's advice, and in a short time became the most adept thief of all the servants.

BLACKWOOD'S CHARACTER OF COBBETT.—Extremely clever, but inconsiderably coarse—terse, but tautological—great nerve, but no variety—occasionally humourous, but never witty—with not one glimpse of power over either the gentler or the loftier passions of our nature; possessing certainly a brutal coal-hammer energy for stirring up the slumbering ferocity of the clod-hopper—the Swift of the chaw-bacons—perhaps the Tyrtæus of the rick-grang—the monthly champion of the ballot-box and the sponge.

SOMETHING NEW!

Truly this is the age of invention and improvement. Our meats roasted by hot water! What next? The Providence Journal says:—

We find in the English Gardener's Magazine, the annexed description of an improved method of heating hot-houses. The inventor is Mr. A. M. Perkins, son of Mr. Jacob Perkins, the celebrated "steam-impeller," who has won so much for the credit of American invention and science in London.

The improvement is a plan for heating hot-houses by the circulation of hot water in hermetically sealed tubes, of small diameter. However favourable this plan may be for heating hot-houses, the advantages for that class of structure are as nothing compared to those which it offers for heating dwelling-houses and all kinds of manufactories. Water may be circulated, under ordinary circumstances of attention to the fire, at from 300 to 600 degrees. It is found that 400 degrees will roast meat. Mr. Perkins is constructing for himself an oven for roasting by water. This will lead to beneficial changes in domestic arrangements. Water at 500 degrees, or, at least, water at 530 degrees for cookery, and for heating reserve cisterns of cold water, or masses of metal, or masonry, for various domestic purposes, including warming rooms, heating baths, larders, &c., may at no distant time be circulated by companies in the same manner as gas: and in London, instead of one fire for every room, as at present, there may be only one in a parish, in every square of an acre in area.

The major part of our readers are doubtless familiar with the following, by BURNS. We insert it, however, more for its claims to circulation and preservation, than on account of its novelty. The purity of sentiment which breathes throughout, must awaken a responsive chord in the bosom of every philanthropist.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hings his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that—
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea stamp—
A man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear holden grey, and a' that?
Give fools their silk and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that and a' that—
Their tinsel show, and a' that—
An honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is chief o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, an a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that—
For a' that, an a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that:
A man of independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

The king can make a belted knight—
A marquis, duke, and a' that—
An honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that—
His dignities, and a' that—
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it shall for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er all the earth
Shall bear the gree, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that
That man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ORIENTAL SMOKING.

In India a hookah, in Persia a nargilly, in Egypt a sheesha, in Turkey a chibouque, in Germany a meerschaum, in Holland a pipe, in Spain a cigar—I have tried them all. The art of smoking is carried by the Orientals to perfection. Considering the contemptuous suspicion with which the Ottomans ever regard novelty, I have sometimes been tempted to believe that the eastern nations must have been acquainted with tobacco before the discovery of Raleigh introduced it to the occident; but a passage I fell upon in old Sandys, intimates the reserve. That famous traveller complains of the badness of the tobacco in the Levant, which, he says, is occasioned by Turkey being supplied only with the dregs of the European markets. Yet the choicest tobacco in the world now grows upon the coast of Syria.

What did they in the East before they smoked? From the many-robed Pacha, with his amber-mouthed and jewelled chibouque, longer than a lancer's spear, to the Arab clothed only in a blue rag, and puffing through a short piece of hollowed date wood, there is, from Stamboul to Grand Cairo, only one source of physical solace. If you pay a visit in the East, a pipe is brought to you with the same regularity that a servant in England places you a seat. The procession of the pipe, in great houses, is striking: slaves in showy dresses advancing in order, with the lighted chibouques to their mouths waving them to and fro; others bearing vases of many-colored sherbetts, and surrounding a superior domestic, who carries the strong and burning coffee in small cups of porcelain supported in frames of silver filagree, all placed upon a gorgeous waiter covered with a mantle of white satin, stiff and shining with golden embroidery.

In public audiences all this is an affair of form. "The honor of the pipe" proves the continuation awarded to you. You touch it with your lips, return it, sip a half filled cup of coffee, rise, and retire. The next day a swarm of household functionaries call upon you for their fees. But in private visits, the luxury of the pipe is more appreciated. A host prides himself upon the number and beauty of the chibouques, the size and clearness of the amber mouth-piece, rich and spotless, as a ripe Syrian lemon, the rare flavor of his tobaccos, the frequency of his coffee offerings, and the delicate dexterity with which the rose water is blended with the fruity sherbets. In summer, too, the chibouque of cherry wood, brought from the Balkan, is exchanged for the lighter jassamine tube of Damascus or Aleppo, covered with a fawn colored silk and fringed with silver.

The hills of Laodicea celebrated by Strabo for their wines, now produce, under the name of Latakia, the choicest tobacco in the world. Unfortunately this delicious product will not bear a voyage, and loses its flavour even in the markets of Alexandria. Latakia may be compared to Chateaux Margaux; Gibel, the product of a neighboring range of hills, similar although stronger in flavor, is a rich Port, and will occasionally reach England without injury. This is the favourite tobacco of Mohamet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. No one understands the art of smoking better than his Highness. His richly carved silver sheesha, borne by a glossy Nubian eunuch, in a scarlet and golden dress, was a picture for Stephanoff. The Chibouque-jee of the viceroy never took less than five minutes in filling the viceregal pipe. The skilful votary is well aware how much the pleasure of the practice depends upon the skill with which the bowl is filled. For myself, notwithstanding the high authority of the Pacha, I give the preference to Beirout, a tobacco from the ancient Berytus, lower down on the coast, and which reminded me always of Burgundy. It sparkles when it forms, emitting a bright blue flame. All these tobaccos are of a very dark colour.

In Turkey there is one very fine tobacco, which comes from Salonichi, in ancient Thrace. It is of a light colour, and may be compared to very good Madeira. These are the choicest tobaccos in the world. The finest Kanaster has a poor flat taste after them.

The sheesha nearly resembles the hookah. In both a composition is inhaled, instead of the genuine weed. The nargilly is also used with the serpent, but the tube is of glass. In all three you inhale through rose water.

The scientific votary after due experience, will prefer the Turkish chibouque. He should possess many, never use the same for two days running, change his bowl with every pipeful, and let the chibouque be cleaned every day, and thoroughly washed with orange flower water. All this requires great attention, and the paucity and cost of service in Europe will ever prevent any one but a man of large fortune from smoking in the Oriental fashion with perfect satisfaction to himself.

CLEARFIELD TOWN, PENN. Nov. 1.

A Land "Flowing with Milk and Honey."

Week before last, a gentleman living in Bradford township, Clearfield county, proceeded to cut down a large pine tree, in which he had previously discovered a large number of bees. All things in readiness, and this lord of the forest laid prostrate before his assailants—without, however, receiving much other injury, than the loss of his understanding—they proceeded to investigate his physiognomy more closely—applying the axe to his trunk in several places, and nothing but honey! honey! honey! meeting their astonished observation, and finding their vessels incompetent to hold the "flesh and blood" with which he abounded, a new supply was immediately furnished—and now determined on finding the alpha and omega of his treasure, numerous incisions were again made, when a space of about twenty-five feet was found interlarded with combs, in many places not more than one inch of a shell remaining. Judgmatically he was now split open, and the combs taken out and secured. The most singular fact is, that the upper combs were perfectly black with age, and the whole exhibited a group of strangely diversified colors, and possessing as many different tastes. The next morning they proceeded to ascertain the quantity of honey, which they found to be of the liquid which had left the combs eleven gallons, and the remaining combs to weigh better than 200 lbs.! The tree was two and a half feet in diameter, and no doubt was in possession of the bees twenty or thirty years ago.—BANNER.

MR. GREEN'S BALLOON.—Mr. Green ascended from Dumfries on Friday last, the first event of the kind in that town, and the Dumfries Courier says:—"The highest altitude to which the aeronaut attained was, as near as he could calculate, three-fourths of a mile, and though his flight scarcely lasted 15 minutes, he cleared in that time, counting not as crows, but as human beings travel, a distance of five and a half miles. The moment he appeared to be nearing the Craigs' heights, a simultaneous rush took place from the spot whence he ascended; various streets were emptied of their population, and the rush which ensued resembled, to some extent, the letting out of waters, from the anxiety that existed to reach a higher point of elevation. But in this many were disappointed, and it was only such as previously stood on heights that witnessed equally the ascent and descent. At the hour of ascent a shower fell, and a smarter one after Mr. Green had crossed the Craigs, which of course condensed the gas, and brought him to the ground sooner than he had anticipated, only a few minutes before, when he threw out ballast, and got up into an upper current, which changed almost entirely the course of the balloon, impelling it right in the direction of the sea. Mr. Green himself would have no objections to cross the Solway, and revisit his good friends at Whitehaven; but as he knew a past chase had been, or would be dispatched in quest of him, he felt averse, independently of other considerations, to disappoint friends somewhat nearer home. The first descent was natural and easy, and occurred at a spot called the Isle of Man. The grappling iron took a firm hold of the earth, and would have enabled the voyager, with a little assistance, to finish his cruise with comparative ease; but very unfortunately a line broke, which Mr. Green uses for the purpose of shaping the balloon like a parachute when the gas becomes suddenly condensed, and thus checking the velocity of the descent.—Finding in his aim, the machine presented a concavity which enabled the wind to act on it with greater force; and in this manner the car was dragged along—now up, and then down—and rebounding over mossy brows, after a manner very fearful to witness. The first persons that reached the spot seemed afraid to act, probably from the dangling of the grappling iron and car, and it was not till Mr. Green had repeatedly informed them that his life was at stake, that they enlisted their "thews and sinews" in the service of humanity. The first force applied was insufficient, and one man who, by by clinging to the car, was lifted at least twenty feet high, was so much astonished at his novel position, that from the moment his feet relinquished the soil he declined to re-engage "in sic kittle a trade." But as the crowd swelled, a relay of hands was easily procured, and in the end the mighty mass of silk was arrested, and Mr. Green rescued from his perilous berth, bruised considerably, but still able to walk without assistance, and superintend the mooring of his air-ship, its cock-boat, the car, and grapple, an anchor in every sense of the word.

A remarkable instance of the effects of religious enthusiasm is now creating a considerable excitement in the northern part of the city. A young lady in high state of enthusiasm suddenly fell into a swoon, and remained in that condition for several days. All efforts to rouse her were found ineffectual. Her eyes were fixed, her limbs immoveable, and her pulse feeble. Her friends believing her dying, procured medical assistance and she was at length with great difficulty, called back to a consciousness of life. She awoke from a dream, said she had been in Heaven and Hell; and told marvellous stories of her discoveries in the course of her migrations. The living and the dead were seen by her in their appropriate state of enjoyment of suffering; and all that was mysterious to her earthly senses was made plain.—These things, of course, have excited much surprise among the credulous. We understand her vision has been recorded and will shortly be published.—*Phil. Sent.*

Perpetual aiming at wit is a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character; it generally fails; it is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.—*Swift.*

The Autumn Races.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

WAYNESBOROUGH, GEO.

WILL commence on Tuesday, 11th of December next and continue four days.

First Day.—Three mile heats for a purse worth $500

Second Day—Two mile heats for 250

Third Day—Mile heats three best in five for a handicap purse worth 200

The above free for any horse.

Fourth Day—Mile heats, free only for horses foaled in Burke county, for a purse worth from $100 to $150

☞ Editors friendly to sport of this kind, will please republish the above.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SAVANNAH, GA.

Over the Broadcenture Course.

THE following Jockey Club Purses will be run for over the above Course, under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club, commencing on the last Wednesday, (the 30th) of January, 1833, being the annual meeting of the Club, and will continue four days. Free for any mare, horse or gelding in the U. States.

First Day,—Four mile heats, for a purse of 200 dollars.

Second Day—Three mile heats, for a purse of 300 dollars.

Third Day—Two mile heats, for a purse of 300 dollars.

Fourth Day—Mile heats, the best 3 in 5,—handicap, purse, 200 dollars.

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

A Sweepstake for Colts, two years old, (reckoning from May day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the regular races, (Jan 29.) Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

To Country Merchants.

THE subscribers offer for sale, on the most advantageous terms, a general and full ass

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of ourown but the thread that ties them."

From the New-York Enquirer.

SWEET MAID, I LOVE THEE STILL.

I love thee—though I dare not chime
Thy name to stranger's ears;
I love thee—though the wreath of time
Is moistened by my tears:
I love thee, in despite of Fate,
And do whate'er it will—
Return me love—return me hate,
Sweet maid, I love thee still.

I love thee—every inmost thought
In fondness turns to thee;
Though I to thee an less than nought,
Thou'rt all the world to me.
I heard the venom in my heart—
That heart tis doomed to kill—
Whate'er thy fate, where er thou art,
Sweet maid, I love thee still.

I love thee when the golden'd sun
Kisses the silver sea;
From its early rise till its race is run
Beloved, I think on thee;
I love thee, in thy bright array,
Displayed with matchless skill,
In dreams by night, in dreams by day,
Sweet maid, I love thee still.

BACHELORS SONG.

A Bachelor leads an easy life,
Few folks that are well live better
A man may live with a very good wife,
But the puzzle is how to get her.

There are pretty good wives, and pretty bad wives,
And a few—neither one thing nor t'other;
And as for the wives who scold all their lives,
I would rather wed Adam's grandmother.

Some choose their ladies for ease or for grace,
Or a pretty turned foot as they're walking;
Some choose for figure, and some for face,
But very few choose them for talking.

Now as for the wife I would follow through life,
It is she who can speak sincerely—
Who, not over nice, can give good advice,
And love a good husband dearly.

So, ladies and gents, when to wedlock inclined,
May decent or ill humor never trap ye—
May those who are single get wives to their mind,
And those who are married live happy.

BOW! WOW! WOW!

Sir Peter, travelling in the Brighton stage with four ladies one very warm day, the party were thrown into the utmost consternation by the coach suddenly stopping to receive a sixth person, who was a perfect Falstaff in appearance. The ladies expressed their sorrow to Shuter at this additional encumbrance; and he with a smile desired them to take comfort, for he would soon remove the man-mountain. Accordingly, when the unpleasant intruder had taken his seat, and the coach was once more moving, Shuter with much gravity asked one of the ladies her motive for visiting Brighton. She replied, her physician had ordered her to bathe for a depression of spirits. He turned to her next neighbor, and repeated his inquiries: she was nervous; the third bilious—all had some complaint of which the sea was to be the cure. When each had told this history of their disorders, the humorist, heaving a tremendous sigh, exclaimed—"All your complaints put together are trifling to mine: they are nothing—Oh no! mine is dreadful but to think of!" "Good Lord, sir, cried the fat passenger, with astonishment, "what is your complaint—you look exceedingly well?" "Oh, sir, replied Shuter, looks are deceitful. You must know, that three days ago I had the misfortune to be bit by a mad dog, for which I am informed the only cure is immersion in salt water. I am going therefore for this purpose; for though I am, as you observe, looking well, yet the fit takes me in a moment,—when I bark like a dog, and endeavour to bite every one near me."

"Lord have mercy on us!" ejaculated the fat traveller, in a tone that was meant to be a whisper, "But, sir, you—you are not in earnest! you—"

"Bow, wow!"

"Coachman! coachman, I say—let me out!"

"Now, your honor, what's the matter?"

"A mad dog's the matter! Hydrophobia's the matter!"

"Bow, wow, wow!"

"Open the door: never mind the steps. There, thank Heaven! I am once more in safety!—let those who like it, ride inside: I'll mount the box—the Lord be praised for my escape!" Accordingly he continued on the outside of the coach for the remainder of the journey, much to the satisfaction of the comedian and his companions, who were exceedingly merry at his expense,—the former every now and then regaling him with a sonorous "Bow, wow, wow!"

Anecdote of Storace.—Old Storace, the father of the celebrated composer, had lost nearly all his teeth at rather an early period of his life. This, to one who was decidedly a *bon vivant*, was a great annoyance. A dentist of eminence undertook to supply the defect. He drew the few teeth that remained, and fitted the patient with an entire new set, which acted by means of springs, and were removable at pleasure. The operation was so skilfully performed, and the resemblance so good, that Storace flattered himself no one could discover the deception. Being one day in company with Foster (a performer in the Drury-lane orchestra, and one celebrated among his companions for quaintness and humor), he said, "Now, Foster, I'll surprise you; I'll show you something you never could have guessed." So saying, he took out the ivory teeth, and exclaimed, with an air of triumph, "There,—what do you think of that?" "Poh! nonsense! surprise me!" replied Foster. "I knew perfectly well they were false." "How the devil could you know that?" asked Storace. "Why," rejoined Foster, "*I never knew any thing twice to come out of your mouth.*"

Napoleon and the Twelve Apostles.—Napoleon having entered one of the cities of Italy, the holy fathers recommended to him the reliques of their church. "Sire, will you deign to take our Apostles under your protection?" "Your Apostles! are they of wood?" "No, Sire." "Of what are they then?" "Of silver, Sire—of solid silver." "Solid silver!" replied Napoleon, quickly; "Yes, I shall help them to fulfil their mission—it has been ordained that they should go throughout the world, and they shall." Having said so, the emperor sent the twelve Apostles to the mint at Paris.

A Belgian journal furnishes the following anecdote:—The Duke of Orleans, in making an inspection of one of the hospitals of Paris, recognized in one of the wards a soldier who had greatly distinguished himself in Napoleon's campaigns. "My brave fellow," said his royal highness, approaching, and taking him by the hand, "I hope to hear shortly of your recovery: the country cannot spare the services of——" "My lord, interrupted the veteran, "when I was at Jaffa, sick of the plague, the emperor condescended to take me by the hand, but he did not wear gloves."

Sad Effects of the Veto.—We observe in the Cincinnati Chronicle, a letter from a female, complaining that her lover, to whom she was shortly to be married, has written to beg she would release him from the engagement, the President's veto having so altered his prospects as to render it imprudent in him to take a wife.

A Knotty Case.—Mr. Henson, a shoemaker, who resided at Woodend, near where the village house is now kept, was not remarkable for the acuteness of his mental perceptions. He kept for sale, in the front part of his shop, a few little matters most called for by the neighbors; such as beer, candles, fruit, bread, &c. One morning a wag stepped in, purchased a bottle of beer. He stood talking a few minutes, and finally said he was sorry he had purchased the beer, and requested Mr. Henson to exchange it for a loaf of bread, as the price was the same. To this the worthy cordwainer readily assented; the wag took the loaf and ate it while in the shop. As he was going out the vender hesitatingly reminded him that he had not paid for the bread.

"Certainly I have paid for the bread, I gave you the beer for it."

"But, then, you haven't paid me for the beer."

"I did'nt take the beer. It is before you at this moment."

The worthy Crispinian was astounded.—He looked sedately and rubbed his forehead; but all to no purpose; the case was still a mystery.

"True," said he, "you gave me the bottle of beer, I can't demand pay for that; but I had both—one is now gone, and I have received no money." Then he again gravely considered the matter, and finally abruptly broke out with this conclusion. "'Sdeath, Jake it, neighbor, it is just as you say, but I'll be darned if I see into it."

Lunn Weekly Messenger.

A Precise Traveller.—Mr. Scott, of Exeter, travelled on business until about eighty years of age. He was one of the most celebrated characters in the kingdom for punctuality, and by his methodical conduct, joined to uniform diligence, he gradually amassed a large fortune. For a long series of years, the proprietors of every inn he frequented in Devon and Cornwall knew the day and the very hour he would arrive. A short time before he died, a gentleman on a journey to Cornwall, stopped at a small inn at Port Isaac to dine. The waiter presented him with a bill of fare, which he did not approve of, but observing a fine duck roasting, "I'll have that," said the traveller. "You cannot, sir," said the landlord, "it is for Mr. Scott of Exeter." "I know Mr. Scott very well," rejoined the gentleman, "he is not in your house." "True, sir," said the landlord, "but six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day, precisely at two o'clock; and to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman jogging into the inn yard about five minutes before the appointed time.

Military Creed.—The following creed was adopted by the officers of the American army at Verplank's Point, in the year 1782:

We believe that there is a great first Cause, by whose almighty fiat we were formed; and that our business here is to obey the orders of our superiors.

We believe that every soldier who does his duty will be happy here, and that every such one who dies in battle, will be happy hereafter.

We believe that General Washington is the only fit man in the world to lead the American army.

We believe that Nathaniel Greene was born a General.

We believe that the evacuation of Ticonderoga was one of those strokes which stamp the man who dares to strike them, with everlasting fame.

We believe that Baron Steuben has made us soldiers, and that he is capable of forming the whole world into a solid column, and displaying it from the centre.

We believe in his Blue Book.

We believe in General Knox and his artillery.

And, We believe in our bayonets; Amen.

Exeter News Letter.

The tear of pity—*Expressions of Compassion at a Card Table.* So, Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen, a sweet girl.

Ah! is she dead? Poor thing! *What's trumps.*

That man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clean the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into.

Is he? I thought he could not recover.—*Play a spade ma'am.*

There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies. How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! many indeed!—*the odd trick is ours.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat.

That's hard—*I have not a heart, indeed. Sir.*

—He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since; and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason.

Oh! I recollect; he rode against somebody! *Play a spade, if you please.*

The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful indeed; there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes; one really gives so much in charity.—*I'll bet you a crown on the best club.*

Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs.——?

What! her son drowned? O yes. *You are eight, you can call.*

George! ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday.

You don't say so. *I had two honours in my own hand.*

Yes: and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction.

Dear me! that's bad! *Single, double, and the rub.* [*Exeunt, counting their money.*

He that shows his passion tells his enemy where he may hit him.

THE KNICKERBOCKER,
OR
NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Prospectus.—Peabody & Co. propose commencing at an early day the publication of thisnty, of a *Monthly Magazine*. The work when fairly established will consist of *Tales, Reviews and Essays, with notices of the Arts, Viewsof Society at home and abroad; Comments on the Fashions and temper of the times, Gleanings from the least accessible of foreign publications and the earliest Gaudets in literary, sporting, and fashionable circles.* But above all to reflect life and literature as displayed in this *Metropolis*, shall be the principal object of

The Knickerbocker, or
New-York Monthly Magazine

☞ Each number will contain twenty four quarto pages of letter press, printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, procured expressly for the work. The *paper*, of the finest American manufacture, will be of the same quality with that used in the *Annuals*, and stitched in an elegant tinted cover. The greatest attention in short will be paid to its typographical appearance, while superior *Engravings* will from time to time ornament and enrich the publication.

☞ *Terms of Subscription*, Four Dollars per annum, payable on the delivery of the fourth number.

Should the complexion of their subscription list barely enable the publishers to commence the Magazine, the contents of the earlier numbers will be one half original and the remainder selected; but should the publicat on meet with the success that is anticipated, it will gradually assume an entirely original character. The publishers being prepared, if met in their designs by the public, to enlist the acknowledged talent in the country, and call out latent ability, at an expenditure hitherto unpractised on this side of the Atlantic. They must meet with countenance themselves, however, before they can venture to bestow patronage, though perfectly content that *all* the profits of the work shall go to improve its character. In the meantime, without mentioning the names of the able contributors who have courteously pledged their aid, they feel warranted in stating that arrangements have been made, which will enable them to commence their undertaking, under *literary auspices the most favorable.*

PEABODY & CO.
119 Broadway, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTED HORSES
HEDGFORD & AUTOCRAT.

Hedgford *Full Brother to Birmingham.* Pedigree.—He was bred by Sir Myston, in 1826, got by Filho da Puta—his Dam Miss Craigie, bred by Major Bower, in 1811, by Orville, her Dam Marchioness by Lurcher, Granddam Miss Cogholen, by Phenomenon—Young Marsk, Sylvia, &c. &.

He is a beautiful Dark Brown, with black legs, having no white marks except a beautiful Star in the Forehead—he is 16 1-2 hands high, and for symmetry and muscular strength, not surpassed by any Horse.

Performances.—In 1825 he won the Maiden Plate at Chester, beating Joceline and three other favorite Horses—the Gold Cup and a Sweepstakes at Nettingham. In 1829, the Members Plate at Chester. In 1830, the Cheshire Stakes of 25 Sovereigns each, 15 Subscribers—a stake of 10 Sovereigns each, with 10 added, 8 subscribers, and a £50 Plate at Wrexham. Among the numerous Horses which he beat are the following:—Scarborough, Camellia, Silverlock, Stylpho, the Marshall, Nimrod, Mermaid, Stapely, Master Henry, Ultimatum, Fortitude, Tarentino, Courtier, Sandoval, Hazard, Sprig, Elke, Rolla, and Lady Bird—all Crack Horses of the day.

Filho da Puta, (the Son of Hedgford,) was got by Hajhazard—his dam, Mrs. Rainett, by Waxy, Grandam by Woodpecker, Great Grandam Heimal, by Squirrel—Princepessa by Blank, &c. &c.

Filho da Puta, won the great Doncaster St. Ledger, in 1815—Orville, the Son of Hedgford's dam, won the St. Ledger, in 1822, and Birmingham, full brother to Hedgford, won the St Ledger in 1830.

Birmingham's winnings, exclusive of the St. Ledger, has been greater than any other 5 year old of the same day. Gentlemen who will take the trouble to examine the Racing Calender and Stud Book, will find that he is descended from a family of stout and true Runners, which will appear by the following brief sketch of the Performance of a few of Filho da Puta's get—viz, in 1823 ten were winners—in 1824, twenty were winners—in 1825, 17 do.—in 1826, 20 do.—in 1827, 22 do.—in 1828, 34 do.—in 1829, 28 do.—in 1830, 31 do.—in 1831, 27 do.—which gives to him the reputation of being the sire of more winning horses up to that date than any other Stallion in England can boast of having produced in the same length of time—among them may be noted Sherwood, The Agent, Fille de Joi, Fellatine, Alecta, Escape, Fair Rosaline, Hajji Baba, Miller of Mansfield, Orthodox, Arachne, Dr. Faustus, Elephanta, Hexgrave, Maid of Mansfield, Forrester Lass, Harriet, Sangredo, His Grace, Astonishment, Betsy Bedlam, Charnwood, Columbia, Jocko, Father Long Legs, Elegance, Frederick, Grimalkin, Lambonian, Merry Trix, Talma, Orthodox, Independence, Abel, Gallejade, His Highness, Soapio, Sir Thomas, &c.—His winners amount to upwards of two hundred and forty.

The magnificent Gaby Horse
AUTOCRAT.

Bred by the Earl of Derby, in 1822—16 1-2 *Hands high—of great substance and Muscular form.*

Pedigree.—He was got by Grand Duke: his dam Olivetta, by Sir Oliver; Grandam Sedimia, by Delphina; her dam Scota, by Eclipse, Herod, &c. &c.

Grand Duke, was a well known racer, bred by Sir T. M. Stanley, and got by Arch Duke, out of Hand Maid, by John Bull. Arch Duke was bred by Sir F. Standish, and got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatio, sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton, and got by Eclipse out of Delphini's dam by Blank. Sir Peter won the Derby stakes at Epsom, in 1787—and Arch Duke in 1796—his pedigree is unrivalled.

Performances.—Autocrat, when 3 years old, in 1825, at Chester, won the Dee stakes, beating Sir T. M. Stanley's Doctor Faustus, and 4 others—the same week, at Chester, he won the Palatine stakes, beating Mr. Houldsworth's Androgeus, &c. At Litchfield, he won the Staffordshire stakes, beating Gen. Grosvenor's Wings, who won the Gold Cup, and Oak stakes, at Epsom, the same year. In 1826, Autocrat won two £270 Plates as Newton—the Peover Stakes at Knutsford—the Kings Plate at Litchfield—and the same year, ran second to that well known racer "Lottery," for the Gold Cup at Preston, beating Signorina, Brutendorf, &c. Many of the above races were heats; among others of note, that for the King's Plate at Litchfield, 4 miles, carrying the heavy English Weight imposed upon Plate horses.

Among the various horses of note which Autocrat beat, are the following:—Dr. Faustus, Ludford, Escape, Androgeus, Wings, Achilles, Cymbeline, Signorina, Toss, Young Castrell, Prefector, Grenadier, Sir Roger, Alecto, Euphrates, Brutendorf, Rinaldo, Invalid, Whittington, Miss Forrester, Ambo, Anti Radical, &c. all first rate runners of their day.

Highflyer & Autocrat were both exhibited at the Union Course, Long Island, during the late Races, and pronounced by good Judges, to be the best horses imported for many years past.

The above horses (Hedgford and Autocrat) were imported by the subscriber, in the ship Washington, Capt. Thompson, and landed at New-York, on the 8th of Sept. last. One or both of which will be sold, or farmed out for the approaching season, upon reasonable terms, if early application is made to

WM. JACKSON
New-York, Nov. 3. No. 7 Park Row.

☞ A fine Durham Bull, a Cow and Bull Calf, of the short-horned Breed, imported at the same time, are also offered for sale. Apply as above.

MILITARY & SPORTING WAREHOUSE
J. P. Moore, 208 *Broadway*
Nearly opposite St. Pauls Church.

Has constantly on hand and offers for sale on accommodating terms, Wholsale or Retail, Swords, Sword Belts, Epaulettes, Sashes, Wings, Laces, Cords, Tassels, Spurs &c &c with every article suitable for Officers, Privates and Musicians.

Navy.
Navy Swords, Dirks, Belts, Buttons, &c &c

For Sportsmen.
The finest and best assortment of Double and Single barrel guns for Fowling and Duck shooting—Dueling, Travelling and Pocket pistols, also a general assortment of Gun locks, Mountings, &c. Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game bags, &c. Percussion powder and pills, of all sizes and fine quality, Caps of all kinds and Warranted not to cut in the eye.

Rifles.
A complete assortment for the Southern and Western Markets, by the Case Dozen or Single one.

Fishing Tackle.
A general assortment of Rods, Lines, Reels, Hooks, &c &c.

N. B. The subscriber having been brought up to the business of Gun making, guarantees every article sold by him, and those favoring him with their orders may depend upon being served with faithfulness and at moderate prices.

Guns made to order, and all altering and repairing done in the best manner, and with punctuality.

P. S. Wanted immediately Six first-rate steady workmen at Fowling or Rifle making. To good steady men constant employment will be given. Oct. 13.

DR. I. FRANCIS,
Surgeon Dentist, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York.

GOLD & SILVER LEAF MANUFACTORY.
No. 67 Watts street.

George S. Waite, offers for sale gold and Silver Leaf, and Gold, Silver and Copper Bronzes of superior quality, at the lowest cash price, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

L. I. COHEN,
Refined Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, 71 William street, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

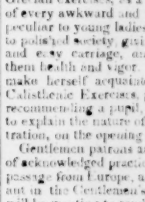
TO DENTISTS.

Gold, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by

s1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,
Auctioneer for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 160, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.



J. B. Carter 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both of this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

TO BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND DEALERS IN
FINE FANCY GOODS,

Will desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest,) for dealing, are informed that they can always procure at the old stand a choice supply of

Fine Pocket-Books, Card-Cases, &c.

from the subscribe's great assortment of

170 KINDS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 75 cents to $10 per doz.

T. BUSSING, *Manufr, 71 William-st.*

LANSING & MORSE,
ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,
175 BROADWAY,
s1 NEW YORK.

DANCING ACADEMY,
City Saloon, Marble Buildings, Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

Mr. & Mrs. Trust have the honor to announce to their patrons and the public, that they have engaged the above splendid building, where they will re-open their DANCING and CALISTHENIC ACADEMY on the 1st of November next. The superior eligibility of this newly erected establishment, its extent and splendor, combining privacy with every possible public convenience which can be met with in any similar, the original construction of the spacious and lofty saloon for the transmission of sound, without "bewildering echoes and discordant jars," altogether forming a Music, Ball, and Concert Saloon, with its suite of rooms, unrivalled in the United States. To make it so, however, has been the aim of the enterprising proprietor; how far he has succeeded, the public will judge when it is opened.

The experience and great success of Mrs. Trust, as teacher in this city of the varied styles of fashionable dances, viz. Cotillions, Gallopades, and Waltzing, in exact conformity with the system of the European *artistes*, will, she confidently presumes, recommend her exclusively to the patronage of the ladies and the parents of juveniles, in whose instruction she is confessedly felicitous.

Mrs. T. would also respectfully impress on the minds of parents who have objections against dancing, the importance of the Calisthenics, or Grecian exercises, as a substitute, for the removal of every awkward and embarrassing appearance peculiar to young ladies on their first entering into polished society, giving in exchange a graceful and easy carriage, and above all, imparting to them health and vigor. Should any lady wish to make herself acquainted with the utility of the Calisthenic Exercises, previous to becoming or recommending a pupil, Mrs. Trust will be happy to explain the nature of them by personal illustration, on the opening of the school.

Gentlemen patrons are informed that a teacher of acknowledged practical eminence is now on his passage from Europe, and is engaged as an assistant in the Gentlemen's Classes, and no efforts will be wanting to render them satisfaction equal to any they would receive at oth r establishments. Pupils and parents will have the privilege of attending the Weekly Assemblies, for which the distinguished New-York Catalion Band is engaged.

Schools and Private Classes attended. Days of tuition, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. The Grecian Exercises in the morning. Terms, $10 per quarter.

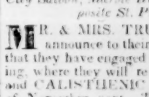
Mr. and Mrs. T. having made every possible endeavor to render this institution deserving an extended public patronage, they have sanguine expectations that their utmost hopes will be abundantly real z d.

A private subscription Ball, once a fortnight, is in contemplation. Arrangements have been made with the stage proprietors for the convenience to and fro of up town pupils free of expense. Subscription Book at No. 52 Howard st.

Oct. 27. tf

R. N. WHITE.
ENGRAVER ON WOOD
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK

FOR CHARLESTON, S. C.



The Steam Packet David Brown, Capt. James Pennoyer, is now fitting up to ply between this city and Charleston, S. C. as a regular packet for passengers and light packages only, and will continue throughout the season to make two trips in each month. Her accommodations are spacious and convenient, and every exertion will be made to render the passengers comfortable. She will leave here for the above place either on the 17th or 18th of the present month, at 10 o'clock A. M.

For passage apply at the office of the Howell Works Company, 261 Front street, or to the Captain on board, where she now lies, at the head of Water street, Coenties Slip. tf10

TO SPORTSMEN
Of Tennessee and Kentucky.

Notice is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not of race, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. In the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

Sportsmen are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON-MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the most favorable that could be selected, or even desired; and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER

Mount Vernon, Sept. 15.

Sporting Stores.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 295 Pearl street to No. 52 Fulton street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, lines, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Week, Perch, Trout, Pencil, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut eyes, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking & Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD.
No. 52 Fulton street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
191 Broadway, N. Y.

Where may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do Wings, and worsted do—do Tassels, do. of all sizes. do Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

Fowling Articles.
Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

Fishing Tackle.
Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, lacks grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

To Travellers.
Manufactured and for sale as above, traveling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

TO SPORTSMEN.

The subscriber offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st, cor. New-st, opposite the Church

☞ *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE
Charles R. Taylor, No. 112 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New York—
Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Gut Needles—Fingerers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Nettings—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and collars—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket Inkstands. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Corkscrew. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

The subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and bottom fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
250 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

O SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments, thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-Cocker, (*suitable for the operation of Washington's*)

LEWIS,
12 Wall street, No. 3, corner of New-st
opposite the Wall-street church

☞ VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26

TO SPORTSMEN.

Just Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut Col Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England and his "Instructions to Sportsmen" the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,
Pocket Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

ACCOUNT BOOKS,
Stationary, &c.

William C. Taylor, jr. No. 112 Wall Street, a few doors south of the Merchant's Exchange, has constantly on hand at the most liberal prices, Account Books of every description and of superior quality.

Likewise a select and general assortment of Stationary, at the lowest market prices.

Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in the best style, by long experienced and first rate workmen.

Blanks, of all kinds; Visiting Cards, Sealing Wax, Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Wafers, Quills, Ink Slides, Pounce, all kinds of metallic Pens, Pocket Books, &c. &c. always on hand.

☞ Bills of Lading, Notes of Hand, Checks, and all other blank printing executed with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

☞ A few copies of the Life of Stephen Girard remaining on hand. Aug. 18.

THE SERAPHINE,
A new musical instrument, invented by
C. G. Christman, 238 Pearl st.

After a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature; peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small church uses. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and crescendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harps to the grandeur and majesty of the full chorus, in a degree of excellence never yet obtained by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured eight keyed Flutes, Accordions, Pocket and Keat bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautiful song Green Hills of Eyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

PARTHENON
Reading Room and Circulating Library.

The subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object also, of the proprietor will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost for one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

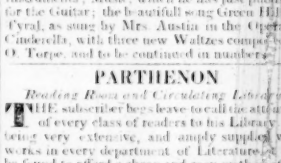
CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

EXTRAORDINARY
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.
On the Celebrated Gowardenian System,
371 1-2 Grand Street.

Being a new, thorough and rapid method of teaching new beginners, and others who are heartily tired of, disgusted with, and see little or no improvement in, on the *old long, tedious, tiresome*, and *very expensive* system of other teachers: invented by I. Goward, A. M. Professor and Practical Teacher of it, 371 1-2 Grand street, New-York City; whereby more may positively be easily acquired in barely SIX LESSONS of HOURS, or ONE LESSON of six hours, than in YEARS of vexatious drilling on that monopolizing old system which is justly to torment pupils heads and drain their pockets upon the Piano Forte and Spanish Guitar with Singing, Flute, Flag-olet, Clarinet, Violin, Bass Viol, &c. &c.

☞ N. B. One word to people of sense—Citizens of New-York, I have been with you nearly 4 years, in which time I have taught thousands on my new System, but I hope you will pardon me if I ask you on *quizzical* question after being quizzed by you for nearly 4 years?—*namely*. Have not some of you refused to read my advertisements, or if you did read, did you not think it a *puff* and have you not intended to those who were enemies to improvements (or innovations as they would call them?) if so, have you not cheated yourselves and been cheated out of that knowledge of Music which is you in the honesty of your souls would have pronounced.

Invaluable and Really
EXTRAORDINARY IMPROVEMENTS!



TO AMATEURS OF MUSIC.—Mr. Gowan respectfully informs the Ladies who are pupils of his on the Piano Forte or Guitar, that he gives accompanying Lessons with the Flute and in Singing; also informs amateurs of the Flute that he is in the daily habit of *inserting* the embellishments of that most beautiful instrument (and other ins numents) after the manner of Wragg, Nicholson, Alexander, Dressler, Clinton, himself, &c. &c.

N. B. YOUNG LADIES are taught in a few lessons to sing Songs, Glees, Duetts, or Sacred Pieces (by note) in a correct and fashionable style—also to play together on the same instrument. Sacred Music is taught every Sunday evening. Ladies and Gentlemen, who are Music pupils, are Gee. The Contra-pun-tal, composed of Mr. Gowan's pupils, meet every Tuesday evening, to practice together Duetts, Trios, Quartettos, &c consisting of Marches, Waltzes, Rondos, Cotillions, Dances, Horapipes, Gowardian Gallopades &c arranged for the Flute, Clarinet, Violin, and Bass Viol. All who wish to play in Concert, should attend by all means.

N. B. Young Gentlemen and Ladies are taught elocutive Song singing, Glees, Catches